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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

HYMNS OF THE MORNING AND EVENING. NO. VII.

[BY O. W. WITHINGTON.]

I.

The shade of Night sinks round
Earth's placid face,
The weary one hath found
A Resting-place;—
Thou, who hast loved us,
Chastened and proved us,
Shed on our hearts the sweet dew of thy grace.

II.

How beautiful is Night,
How deep and still,
Veiling the tired sight,
Calming the Will;—
Be thou beside us,
Savior! and hide us,
Through the Night-watch, from Temptation and Ill.

III.

May we till Life is over,
Lord, in Thee live,
One hour with Thee is more
Than Earth can give;—
Thou who art holy,
Thou who wast lowly,
Through the Night-watches, O! bless and forgive.

For the Register and Observer.

'To live is scarce distinguished from to die.'—*Prior.*

While the liberal Christian denounces with his whole heart, the machinery of revivals, it well behooves him to consider all such means, as, faithfully employed, may tend to excite and sustain a warm and consistent religious interest. Marmontel has defined 'morality,' as the 'science of life,' but religion is alone worthy of such a distinction, since the true life is that which beginning at the cradle, ends not at the grave but with eternity. To fulfil faithfully all duties appertaining to the relations of mortality is not the end of man's being; a higher, nobler view of his responsibility developes itself in the preparation for a higher and nobler state of being. It may be said that such fulfilment is the best preparation, and this I willingly admit—but it must be obvious to all, that many a man, whose knowledge and practice of Marmontel's science has been unimpeachable, has felt the necessity in his last moments of a firmer trust, of a more steadfast hope than he could deduce from his own life. His spiritual nature has found itself in a state of chaos, and until the conception of truth rise from the commingled mass, until the lineaments of virtue hover over the wave, there is a void within him, which if never filled may have been crowded out of view by the interests of this life, and stands out as they recede with horrible distinctness. He has lived without a defined idea of life, and with that he attains at once to comparative happiness—he has deemed probity, generosity, and charity duties which he owed to society, rather than to his Maker or himself; and how many, I would ask, are living and have lived, governed by the same fatal consideration? The realization of God's presence, then, is the great want—the man who loves God, will of necessity love his neighbor as himself; the first commandment includes the whole code—how shall we learn to love God? How indeed, but by listening to the countless voices which rehearse his praise; how indeed, but by cherishing and developing the Divine Attributes as they exist in our own souls? To many men, the world in which we live is but a grand machine, wound up to serve their own individual purposes. To the few, it speaks of God's immutable love, evidences his omniscience and omnipresence—and these are they who, having learned to appreciate *moral beauty*, by dwelling upon the character of Christ, by imbuing their own souls with the spirit of his religion and teaching them to comprehend the nature of *Infinite* by the practice of *finite* virtue, gaze upon the world's broad landscape only as upon its type. But there is another and a larger class to whom the varying hues of sunset, the sailing of the cloud upon the summer air, the unfolding of the leaflet and the blossom impart a certain degree of delight which proceeds rather from the fact that such exhibitions of God's power appeal to the sense of the beautiful implanted by Him in their hearts, than from any aspirations of a nobler and holier sort with which their presence may be connected. Such individuals admire but do not *appreciate* natural loveliness in the highest degree; they look out upon the living landscape and receive the same kind of gratification as from the canvass or the marble. In regard to such, this partial appreciation of natural beauty may be made the means of inducing an application of that superior beauty whose grandest developement is found in God, a developement which it will not only become their duty, but their pleasure to imitate. It is to such a developement of the sense of the beautiful that I would particularly direct attention; it is in the heart of every child, and it is for the parent to say, whether it shall be an aid to spiritual progress or an incentive to passionate indulgence, whether it shall be fondly cherished or indiscriminately checked. There are *men*, as I have said, who can see no beauty in any thing which does not minister to their own selfish gratification, or as I should say, to their own monied profit—but who ever heard of the child that did not love flowers, the birds, the sunshine and the starlight, who did not seek its highest gratification in the enjoyments proffered by the open valley and the hill-side? And this gratification, what is it? Not the reception of the prayer, breathed out by nature, not a conscious merging of nature's self in nature's God, but the simple love of what is glad and fair. It must be nurtured into a love of truth and charity, into grateful, filial affection towards him who has not only imparted the blessings but given the capacity to enjoy. And the mother who must so nurture the delicate susceptibilities of youth? Let no carelessness, no rebuke, no deficiency of interest of hers, check the innocent delight of the child. When his glad voice calls her to the opening bud, the rising ant hill, or the half imprisoned butterfly, were it but for the simple pleasure her sympathy might confer, she would owe it to his young and tender nature; but every susceptibility in that nature is wounded by the repulse which seeks in common occupation or vulgar cares an excuse for her insensibility to the constant care of God!

Does she think that her interest in her household or her nursery would diminish, if she turned from them to see the upheld petals of the rose reflected in the damask cheek of her little one, or the rainbow gleaming from the dew-drop bursting in hope from his glad eye? Oh no! while she pauses to lead his mind to the all powerful source of beauty, a new freshness is imparted to her own view of his superintending providence, and in humble imitation of that providence, her own hands fly faster, and her frame grows more elastic! 'I never knew a criminal,' said Lord Collingwood, 'who loved children and flowers;' and by aiding the growth of this love the mother aids the religious tendencies of her child. He begins to perceive the relation between the world within and the world without, and he turns from the first great means of promoting his religious interest to another, the examination, and as I might say, the consequent adoration of the perfection of moral beauty in the character of Christ. For a time, he dwells with greater delight upon the life of his Savior, than upon the goodness of his God; there is no vicissitude in his young life, in which he may not ask for the guiding example of *Jesus*; but he does not connect the power of circumstance with his idea of God; he knows what he requires; he does not ask what he would have done; and he turns from the spiritual model to the material type, to find the latter glowing with new brilliancy, speaking with a new voice. The habit of prayer is the third means to which I would direct attention. It is astonishing that we talk so loudly of the power of habit while weighing its evil tendencies, yet neglect to consider that it is as powerful an agent for good as ill, that a religious habit long continued becomes a religious nature. The habits of prayer and self examination—of course they are immediately connected, for no spirit can know its own wants, until it has questioned its own motives—tend directly to elevate and sustain man's moral energies. What if the prayer be unanswerd by the attainment of some object of our hopes? It consists far more in the expression of gratitude than in the petition for gratification; and its end is answered if in submission and affectionate communion with our Heavenly Father, our anxieties are relieved, our spirits elevated, and a happy thoughtfulness diffused throughout our whole intellectual being. The habit of regular attendance upon public worship, of due regard to the externals of religion, is also of the greatest importance. It may here be urged that the grateful heart will eagerly seek the altar, that the careless or unloving spirit is better away from it, lest it contaminate by its pharisaical offerings the purest shrine, and consequently that the suggestion is superfluous. But here the advantage of habit again presents itself to my eye. Deprive all the children in a Sabbath School who are uninterested in the morning prayer of the obligation to preserve the externals of devotion, and what an amount of backsliding threatens its annihilation. But the power of devotional habit, the necessity of attention to the devotions of others may in time awaken filial yearning; and it is thus with church-going and the observation of our few religious ordinances. If the heat of the weather, the fatigue of the walk, or the incapacity of the preacher be urged in defence of their neglect, I wonder that a warm sun, a constant walk, and the indirectness, inability or knavery of merchants, are not sufficient to deter men of business from the pursuit of gain—gain, which, take it in its most important bearings, in its relation to benevolence, to the support of public institutions and the encouragement of the arts, is as a feather in the balance of eternity. It may be wondered why I should press this topic at the present time, but I ask the world to test itself and see how it bears the examination. Do men live as if life were scarce distinguished from the transit to another world, as if that world were but relieved from the incumbrances, rather than the obligations of this? I see men living on apparently in perfect oneness with the great laws of morality. I suppose that they are aware of the contingencies of mortality, that they were born, have lived, and are to die, that they are conscious of the folly of endeavoring to evade the doom of mortality, that they are preparing to meet the charges of the 'still small voice,' which as a trumpet wakes the dead—but I see them seized by a severe disorder or waxing gray in their several occupations, and as infirmities and pain steal on, startling as if but just reminded of their liability to decay, and uplifting a trembling hand as for the first time in earnestness, a faltering heart breathes forth the prayer for salvation.

C. W. H.

For the Register and Observer.

THE COMMUNION.

Messsrs Editors:—In an article on this subject in your last number, you refer to a communication from one of your correspondents, published some time since, expressing the belief that very many are deterred from the observance of this most interesting rite by the 'initiatory forms and professions,' required in nearly all our churches; and after repeating your dissent from this opinion, you proceed to state one of the two principal causes, to which, as you think, the too general neglect of the ordinance is to be ascribed. I am convinced that you do not allow sufficient weight to the reason assigned by your correspondent. I do not say that it is the only reason, or even the principal one; but that it has an influence, and with many minds a very powerful influence, I cannot doubt. Indeed, it seems to me to lie at the bottom of the cause, which you have yourselves explained. Undoubtedly, very many are kept away from the communion-table by a 'superstitious reverence' for the ordinance;—but how did this feeling originate, and how is it kept alive? Is it surprising that men should be led to associate with this rite an idea of peculiar and pre-eminent sanctity, so long as they see that it is not, like the other institutions of our religion, thrown open to all, but is reserved for a select few, who are admitted to its observance only on certain conditions, and on compliance with certain prescribed forms? Is there any ground to expect that this sentiment—which I agree with you in considering a chief cause of the non-observance of the communion—can be entirely done away, till this is put upon the same footing with our other religious institutions, and all are invited to observe it as freely as any other?

For my own part, I do not understand how a Christian minister can conscientiously refuse to permit any one really desiring it, to unite with his people in the observance of the Lord's Supper. By what right does he assume to do this? Whence does he, or whence does the church, derive the authority to exclude any one from an ordinance which was intended for all—to hedge round its observance with restrictions, with conditions, with forms and professions, which are no part of the institution itself, and have no necessary connection with it? Certainly not from the example of Jesus, who at the institution of the ordinance did not exclude even the traitor Iscariot, but having taken the cup and given thanks, gave it to the disciples, saying, 'Drink ye *all* of it.' In matters of religion, I confess myself a radical; for I do not believe that any inventions of man can add to the beauty or the completeness of the system, which was established by the divine author of our faith. The example of Christ will always have more weight with me than the authority of the church. I have never been able to perceive any satisfactory reason for the establishment of a *church*, as distinct from the congregation. I do not profess to be deeply versed in ecclesiastical history, and know not how ancient the system now prevalent may be. It is certain that the word *ecclesia*, which is now translated *church*, meant originally nothing more than *assembly*, or *congregation*; and I do not believe it is used in the New Testament in any other sense. But even if there be sufficient reasons for the organization of churches as distinct and separate bodies, does it follow that the administration of the sacrament should be confined to their members? I can conceive no good reason why church-membership should be made a condition of being allowed to commemorate the Savior's death, any more than of attendance on the ordinary exercises of the Sabbath, or—as it was in the days of our Pilgrim fathers—of citizenship.

It seems to me that your whole article shows clearly the propriety of doing away with all forms and professions, as conditions of the observance of the Lord's Supper. I fully agree with you, that it is not in itself more solemn, and does not presuppose a higher degree of holiness, than prayer. And yet, what should we think of the clergyman, who should commence the services of the Sabbath with saying, 'All members, in regular standing, of any Christian church, who may be present, are invited to join with us in prayer?' But what you say of the communion is equally true here,—that the profession required in many of our Unitarian churches embraces 'nothing more than is implied' in the very act of joining with a Christian congregation in prayer: and, according to your own reasoning, there should be 'no reasonable objection' to requiring such a profession, in this case any more than in the other. In your own language I ask, 'Why then this distinction?' If, as you seem to believe, all who are worthy and who need to pray, are also worthy and need to celebrate the Lord's Supper, why should not all who are invited to the one, be invited also to the other? It seems to me, that in combating the idea of a peculiar sanctity in this rite, you remove the only even plausible pretext for any thing like exclusiveness in its observance.

If any one should be disposed to ask, 'Have we not the right to choose with whom we will unite in celebrating the public ordinances of our religion?' I have only to say that the question may be differently answered, according to the signification attached to the word *right*. That we have a *legal* right so to do, is indisputable; that it would be right according to the common rules of courtesy and good breeding, may be admitted; but whether it is consistent with the teachings of Christ, is a different question, and may perhaps receive a different answer. I cannot consider that a Christian temper, which would *desire* to exclude any one from joining with us in the observance of any Christian ordinance, who comes to it in the spirit of sincerity and reverence. But it will be said, 'We exclude no one—we are willing that all should join with us, who will do what we have ourselves done—we require nothing unreasonable.' I answer, all restrictions are unreasonable for which a sufficient reason cannot be given: and if this has been done in the present case, I have never been fortunate enough to see the reason stated.

To myself, the feeling which deters many from what is called a public profession of religion, or from joining a church, does not appear so unreasonable as some seem to think it. It is a feeling which is not peculiar to this subject. The illustration which you give, of a Temperance Society, is in point. We all know that there are hundreds of the most temperate men in the community, and of those who most earnestly desire to see the cause of temperance prosper, who never imagine that by becoming members of these societies they assume any new and extraordinary obligations, who yet cannot be persuaded to take such a step. It is a somewhat similar feeling, that prevents many really devout and religious men from joining a church. They may be mistaken,—but are they on that account the worse Christians? The feeling may be a weak, a foolish one, if you will, but is that a reason for excluding those who honestly entertain it from an ordinance, which was evidently intended for all Christians? Is it not a duty to remove this stumbling-block from their path, unless there be good and strong reasons to the contrary? That there are those who are kept away from the communion table by such feelings alone, I know; that there are many such, I fully believe; and I cannot doubt that if, in our churches generally, all were invited to partake of the bread and wine of commemoration, as freely as all are invited to join in the other services of the sanctuary, many would most gladly embrace the opportunity who could never be induced to become members of a church. That when this has been done in a single church here and there, the number of communicants has not always been found to increase, may be explained by obvious considerations. I hope to see the day when this rule shall be adopted by all who profess to be *liberal* Christians;—when '*every one* that thirsteth' shall be permitted and encouraged to 'come and drink of the waters of life FREELY.'

LAICUS.

For the Register and Observer.

FALSE VIEWS OF DEATH.

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A knaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

There is to me no one feature in the Orthodox belief, more repugnant and unnatural, than the light in which it portrays to the imagination, and presents to the senses, the consideration of Death. The quotation from the great Poet of Nature, given above, presents in a powerful and lucid manner, the doubt, the fear, the dread, and unnatural horror, with which Orthodoxy invests that last, long sleep which awaits us all; but which, thanks to God, is not an eternal sleep.

The repose which is reserved for us in the grave, the period when 'dust returns to dust, from whence it came; and the soul to God who gave it,' we are taught to think of, as most dreadful, and most to be dreaded. The separation of the soul from its earthly tenement, the resting place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' where sorrow nor pain ever enter, but where all is repose and unbroken quiet, never to be invaded until the arch-angel's trump shall sound the end of time, and usher in eternity, are portrayed as events to excite our fear, and rob us of all peace.

And if the Orthodox creed be true, if the doctrine of vicarious redemption, and a never ending hell, be taught in scripture, such would indeed be the natural view, in which we should look on death. In the eloquent language of another,*—'If the belief could be habitually and practically realized, that [illegible] every minute over the wide earth dropping into hell, that amongst the sighs of death with which the world is filled, the greater number are the knells of infinite perdition, that the graves on which the mourners weep, which to us all, at one time or other, make earth a vale of tears, are so many monuments of irreparable wreck, the silent witnesses of God's anger, and man's despair; if any one, I repeat, could constantly, and in very truth, believe that souls were thus quitting the present scene, souls with enlarged capacities, but enlarged for eternal sorrow, and ever smile again, he might wear the form of his species, but he should have the heart of a fiend. Faith in such a doctrine, should kill at once the life of joy; every sound should be funereal, brightness or beauty there should be none. Each of us like Job should curse the day of his birth, but with a more terrible earnestness; the exclamation of Jeremiah would be in every mouth an appropriate utterance, 'Oh that my head were waters, and my eyes were fountains of tears.' * * * * * * * * * * If thus it be, let there, I repeat, be no look of happiness, let there be no voice of sweetness; let garments of praise be changed for the spirit of heaviness; let all heads be bent in grief, and all eyes dim with weeping, in lamentation for the sorrows of the universe.'

But such is not the doctrine inculcated in scripture; nor is such the view in which death should be considered.

It is but a few days since, I saw the beautiful and beloved die; one to whom life had been but a fairy tale, around whom clustered friends that were near and dear. But there was one dearer than all the rest; it was he to whom she had plighted her youthful love, and to whom before the altar, she had been joined by ties which death alone should sever. She was one to whom the creed of Orthodoxy was repulsive, but whose heart was filled with love for those from whose religious faith, she had felt constrained to withdraw.

For her, death was fraught with no fear; and as weeping friends hung over the dying one, she sweetly smiled, and bid them dry their tears; she said it was an easy thing to die, that they were to part only for a brief season. To him, upon whom the blow was to fall heaviest, the partner of her bosom, she sweetly said, 'weep not dearest, I am called but a little while before you, to our Father's heavenly mansions, that where I am, your heart may be also.'

And thus she died; but alas, for uncharitableness! the resignation and happiness with which she died, connected with the creed she believed, gave rise to the assertion from those who would deprive the departed even of the *name of Christian*, that she met death, merely with the *stoical indifference of Infidelity!*

This is no fancy sketch, but a sad and sorrowful reality.

And methinks, that sainted spirit is even now looking from her heavenly home, and praying for the uncharitable, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'

But to the sinner, to those who reject truth and receive error, death should appear, as a fearful reality—as an event for which a careful preparation is necessary.

'Dream not of a heaven, into which you may enter, live here as you may. To such as waste the present state, the future cannot, will not bring happiness.'† The punishment reserved for the wicked, must be as severe, as their sins have been glaring; and though all just punishment is corrective, rather than vindictive, avoid while yet you may, the dreadful infliction of even corrective punishment.

As the Poet has truly said,

——'the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long.'

Tarry not therefore until it be to-morrow, but while it is yet to-day, so live, that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom.

Y.

Ballston, N. Y.

* Rev. Henry Giles, of Liverpool, England.

† Dr Channing.

For the Register and Observer.

THE NARROW WAY.

Forth from the garden of Youth and Innocence, there bounded a glad, bright being with an unclouded brow and laughter-glancing eye. Motionless he stood when he had crossed its boundary, and with a glance half wonder and half delight, gazed upon the many paths, broad and beautiful, in which he was to seek life's happiness. Far as the eye could reach upon his right hand and upon his left they lay, and there came upon his ear sweet music and glad sounds, as if the voices of unseen spirits bade him haste to taste the joy with which his coming hours would be crowned.

Within the thornless bowers, and under the cloudless sky, whence he had now departed, he had been taught while roving mid the flowers that there lay one narrow path within which if he trod would keep the freshness of his young thoughts and childhood's purity the same forever!

Those words of wisdom now he heeded not, but with a careless glance upon that narrow, quiet way which seemed to his high bounding heart so lone and so deserted, he turned his eye away, believing that the young could find no pleasure mid its tame, unchanging scenes.

Upon his other hand was stretched the broadest and most beautiful of all the paths which tempted him. Maidens of witching grace and sights of wondrous beauty seemed to his unpractised eye the only objects there, its only scenes. And on he sped with eager haste to mingle with the bright and beautiful crowding that spacious way, which as he nearer drew he read was named from Pleasure, Mirth, and Gayety reigning around.

'Oh the bliss of youth, the joy of Pleasure's path,' he cried, as through its glittering bowers he strayed, thinking or caring not how all-important Time was being crowned with nought but flowers, when it should have a diadem of wisdom and good works! For years he onward went, still onward, to the goal of happiness. He had not found it yet, however much had Pleasure, Mirth and Gayety spread out before his feet new ways of joy, had given his ear to drink of sweeter sounds, or sought to charm his eye with all that could most dazzle and subdue. The still small voice of his good angel guarding him first whispered to his wearied heart that snares perchance were lurking mid the flowers, to the eye so beautiful! Its breathings were all eloquent of warning and pleading to turn back, while there yet was time. He listened!—turned! And now he saw impressed upon all things which before had seemed all loveliness, a word of meaning, and it was —'Vanity.' Quickly he sped, fearful that the syren voice of one who was here the close companion of the young and inexperienced, and named Temptation, might overtake him yet, and by the aid of its unnumbered spells once more enchain him and give him not the power to break away again.

Gay groups he passed, some mocking him upon his penitence, and others though they wore a smile, and spoke light words, yet with a wistful glance cast on him as if they too had hearts longing for better things, but could not turn alone, to bear the cold, cold laugh of those who bore them now such pleasant company. And he had reached the entrance of Pleasure's path once more, but Oh, how changed in heart and eye! The melting memory of his unstained youth came with a sad, sweet power, as in the distance he could see the guarded bower of his infancy, where he had been content until his soul was stirred with a strong will to go out thence, giving to wise Experience full power to teach the good or ill of those new scenes. One lesson had been taught, and such was its deep influence that he who had burst so joyously from the garden of his youth now longed to have the past a dream, and he a child again!

The artificial brightness cast around the path of his first choice had faded all away and left him comfortless. But still there lay the narrow way which he had once despised, so calm, so holy, with a brightness not of Earth lightening its narrowness. At its entrance was a guide whose heart was Faith, whose eye was Hope, and whose breath was Charity. It was the Book of life telling of wonderful things, promising to the weak-hearted strength, and to the long suffering a heavenly reward!

But there were sorrows and trials it might be in that narrow way, and pleasure not of sense but of the soul alone. Well must they watch who entered there lest they should stumble, and well must they heed lest they should fall: He could not yet believe that on this lonely path alone True Happiness cast all its precious gifts, but once more turned his feet away to seek more stirring scenes.

'Ambition! Glory! an undying Fame! Ah, I will enter here and be renowned as they have been renowned whose feet have trod this path before me, gaining such titles as shall never die! I will gain for myself a loftier name than the loftiest I see emblazoned here! To daring deeds I will kindle many a soul, and none shall stand vauntingly before me.' And it was even so. The knee of homage and the knee of wild despair were bowed before the Conqueror! The widow's cry and clash of sabre strokes were mingled in his dream. His brow was crowned with laurel of that undying hue which the brave most love, and adulation floated on the breeze as if of itself a very part. His hand was ever victorious, his name immortalized, yet did he find not that he sought, but in his heart was treasured with a tormenting power the memory of blood and death, of strong men in their might cut down to strow the battle field of Victory! 'Glory,' he wildly cried, 'thou art a name which I have found amid the breathless, long-slumbering crowds of my own race, whose spirits from the battle ground went up to the pure court of Heaven, there to be judged. My power sent them thither, and oh, how great the crowd of witnesses against my single soul! Let me repent! Let me escape from this path of carnage and of death, where desolation and sorrow are the price of Fame.' And soon speeded by remorse and deadly images he reached the spot whence still in the far distance he could see the bright outlines of his first home.

The second lesson of Experience had taught him wisdom, and now with deep humility and fervent trust he sought the narrow way, taking the Book of life as he passed therein to be his counsellor and guide.

His way was one of trial, but unutterable things were to his soul revealed. And though in weariness he might sometimes doubt the unseen hand which gave such stumbling blocks to try his faith, yet when he had surmounted them there was a sense of happiness he had not known before, and visions in the future which most mercifully were partly veiled lest the brightness which eye had never seen, and the glory of which the heart could not conceive might be all too powerful for mortal to look upon and live. A pleasant company he met there too, high-hearted ones with living fire in their adoring gaze turned ever heavenward. They stayed not by the way, but sought with earnest zeal to reach the perfect goal which by their guide was promised those who fainted not but faithfully endured unto the end. There were no startling tones of merriment borne upon the pure air, but on the brow of all those peaceful travellers was joy unspeakable, bearing glad testimony of the hearts' delight.

How beautiful to see the young—for there were some more wise than he who chose at first the broadest way—with hopeful words and watchful love smoothing the way of those whose lives were in the sear and yellow leaf, and who with trembling steps bore on the worn out casket of their soul, trusting that soon it would be freed from all which could confine, and gifted with the power of wandering through creation's realm, holding high converse with dwellers of the stars, and knowing all the mysteries of heaven.

More pure he daily grew whose feet were now in Wisdom's ways, and more enriched with treasures from the store of his beloved guide whose bounty never wearied and whose fountains never failed.

But now his pilgrimage was nearly over. He knew that the messenger against whose coming his counsellor had warned him to prepare was now approaching on its good errand to take him to his home in heaven, and he was ready. But where were all the terror-burdened images which once he had believed to be the sole accompaniments of death? Where the soul-darkening fear at its approach? Oh how blessedly upon his longing ear came its heaven-toned voice, 'Through the dark valley come with me!' and with what faith and hope and joy he answered from the Book of life, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' for in the narrow way I sought and found the gift of God to all who walk therein—true peace and happiness.

L. B. M.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

For him, who benefits mankind because they are one large family of which God is the Father, one blessed flock of which Christ is the Shepherd, there may be disappointment, but there will never be despair. To his estimate of good he will meet with some exceptions, but he will feel that they are exceptions, and that there is still abundant ground for belief in the improvability, it would scarcely be too much to say the perfectability, of man. He who would see the progression of humanity towards perfection, must himself be strong in faith and in Christian charity; he must go forth in the Spirit of Love. For him, every street and alley will teem with objects of interest. To him, every eye will gleam with something of intelligence. For him there will always be the poetry of smiles, and the music of kindly voices. He will find a welcome at every hearthstone, such as the angel found in the tent of the patriarch, because the gladness of good tidings will be stamped upon his brow. While the careless observer sees in the sullied garb and toil-worn form of the workman only a portion of a manufactory, he will mark the symptoms of determined purpose, of embittered feeling, or of unfruitful exertion; mark, to soften or encourage, as need may be. He will find in the feeble and wailing child, not only a pair of little hands to labor, or a voice to clamor for assistance, but will trace the outbreaking of the immortal mind, and will feel that the infancy of an heavenly inheritor is cradled in the homes of earth. From him the purple of the conqueror and the pride of the tyrant cannot conceal the characteristics of the man. His eye can discern, midst 'the deceitfulness of riches,' the one bright spot which they have not clouded; the hidden link of that chain which binds the heart to the family of man. He will be hopeful, and he will inspire hope. He will seek improvement for others, and he will find it for himself. He will bestow richly from the abundance of his affections, and he will meet with glowing affection in return. Does any one doubt it?—then surely he knows very little of the strength, and fervor, and enduringness of human love. He hardly suspects how powerful is the mind of man to make for itself a mirror in the minds of his fellow mortals, as the moon casts her reflected image into the bosom of every transparent stream. Not only are new objects of interest and new springs of enjoy-

ment almost daily added to the means of happiness, which the lover of humanity possesses, but to him the ordinary connexions of life have manifold power of conferring good. His attachment to his relations and friends is not a mere refinement of selfishness. He loves them not only that they belong to himself, but also that they belong to God; not only that they are his friends, but that they are the friends of human kind. He loves nature, not only because he discerns, with all the intenseness of keen perception, the excessive loveliness of her fruitful valleys, the awful magnificence of her mountains, and the holy quiet of her solitudes, but because he feels, that all these have a healthful and purifying influence upon mind. He knows that they are all 'ministers for good,' and, therefore, that they are His ministers; for so to feel is more than to be 'one with nature;' it is to be one with God; it is to be one with every being, who is working the same work in any part of the vast universe; one in intention —one in spirit, that spirit the Spirit of Love. So to walk the earth is surely to look upon it as it is looked upon by him who made it. So to look upon mankind is surely to regard them as they are regarded by him who died for them; truly in a degree immeasurably smaller, but still in the same spirit, the Spirit of Love. If there be any one who has hitherto viewed the world with a cold or a suspicious eye, let him be persuaded to believe, that there is a happiness in reserve, which none of the pleasures which he has yet known can surpass, and which very few of them can equal. Whatever are his circumstances, there is added enjoyment or new consolation in loving and being loved by his kind. If he be poor, it will delight him to find, that there is a power within him which can effect much without the help of riches. If he be rich, he will have the assurance, that even though 'this night his soul may be required of him,' he hath laid up in his treasury some objects of affection, which he can carry with him beyond the grave.

To the neglected and the solitary there can be nothing which promises so much satisfaction, as cultivating a warm and lively interest in the welfare of all around;—to think of himself less as an individual than as a part of the great whole. To those, whose lives, like the aged Jacob's, are bound up in the lives of their children, whose tenderness is doubled, and whose sensibilities are quickened by anxiety for their welfare and happiness, there is no feeling which can bring with it so much quietude and consolation. The great cause of human improvement and human happiness is one in every corner of the earth. The friend and the father, who has made that cause his own, is not alone in the more immediate trust which devolves upon him. The wise and the good of every nation and clime are his coadjutors, and his power to effect good is multiplied in theirs. They form together a glorious phalanx, mighty to achieve the purpose they design. Each can, in some measure, command the resources of all, and by the strength of their union it might be said of each, that

> 'Thousands at his bidding fly,
> And speed o'er land and ocean without rest.

To what earthly power could a parent more willingly commit his charge than to the protection of such a brotherhood? Who knows like him, who has been the friend of the orphan, how strong is the interest which the fatherless excite; who feels like him, who has abounded in love to all men, how rich a store of affection descends upon every human creature as his natural inheritance, and how surely the providence of God is extended to all his offspring in the care of one another?

To such as these, to the poor and the desolate, the timid and the anxious, the weary and the aged, the idea of a common brotherhood, a common stock of love and kindliness, must be full of light. How joyous must be their awakening in a world where they feel that they can never be as an alien and a stranger! Even the thought of helplessness for themselves or their offspring loses half its bitterness while they have the assurance that many will be to them as fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and friends. How peaceful must be their descent even into the valley of dark shadows! The work of a death-bed is retrospection. There will be present all that we have cherished, whether with an holy or an unholy love. Death comes not to excite new affections, but to put the seal upon those which have been long indulged. The work of resurrection will be, not creation but renovation. Blessed are they to whom it shall restore, not a vain longing for the things of this world, which passeth away, but the faces which once beamed upon them with confidence and joy, the forms they loved and tended, the voices they heard in welcome, the minds they improved and elevated; all those they have cherished for his sake 'who gave himself for us, leaving an example that we should follow his steps.' He will unite them in an everlasting bond. 'He will give them an abundant entrance into the mansion of his glory,' even the dwelling-place of the Spirit of Love.

MODERATION.

No virtue, no one of the Christian graces exists in perfection, unless it is modified and controlled by some other virtue or grace. The measure, the test, the utmost effort, the last finishing touch of the truest excellence, is to be found only in perfect moderation.

The soul is capable of a various action; or, in popular language, it is composed of various faculties. If one of these faculties were to absorb all the rest, if one kind of action were to take place of all others, the result would be, not a soul with the fair proportion in which God made it, but a monstrous deformity of the soul. As with the faculties, so it is with the virtues of the mind. Were any one, however excellent, to swallow up all the rest, it would not be a virtue, but an excresence, a deformity. The plant, the tree, or the organized body, where one secretion, one branch, or one limb, should absorb all the vital juices and energies to the withering and decay of every other part, would present a just picture of such moral deformity.

The true proportion of the virtues, has never been perfectly exhibited on earth, but in ONE EXAMPLE. The most vaunted models of human excellence have too often been but the splendid excesses of ambition, genius, or learning. And, indeed, the most remarkable piety and philanthropy have often owed their celebrity, in a degree, to their extravagance. In short, some power or passion of the mind, disproportionately developed and exalted to an undue prominence, makes what is often denominated a great man, or a great Christian; but a man, a Christian, nevertheless, of great faults. The passion, that has shot up into a luxuriant growth, has overshadowed other passions, and taken away that strength of the soil, by which they also should have grown. Thus, in the pride of talents, some men have neglected humble acquisitions and offices. Under the impulse of genius others have become wayward, extravagant, irritable and useless. In the fervor and joy of the social affections, many have forgotten their Maker. In the zeal of philanthropy, men are liable to overrate particular objects, and censoriously to condemn those who do not go along with them. In the confidence of piety not a few have seemed to forget the rights and feelings of society around them. There has never been on earth but one perfect example.

THE TRINITY.

What is the doctrine of the Trinity? It is, that the Almighty Father, is God; that Jesus, whom he sent into the world, is God; and that the Holy Spirit—represented also as a separate agent—is God; and yet these three, 'equal in power and glory,' are but one God. This is what the advocate of the Trinity *says*. But now let me ask him to consider what it is, that he *thinks*: not what are the words he uses, but what are his actual conceptions. If he conceives of only one God—one Infinite Mind—and then if all that he means by the Trinity is, that the Savior and the Holy Spirit partook, in some sense, of the nature of God; this is nothing materially different from what we all believe. If he means that the Father, Son, and Spirit, are only representations of the same God, acting in their characters, then he is not a Trinitarian, but a Sabellian. But if he goes farther, and attempts to grasp the real doctrine of the Trinity; if he attempts to conceive of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, as possessing each a distinct existence, consciousness, and volition —as holding counsel and covenant with each other; then, though he may call these Three one—though he may repeat it to himself all the day long, that they are but one; yet does he actually conceive of them as three agents, three beings, three Gods? The human mind, I aver, is so constituted, that it *cannot* conceive of three agents, sustaining to each other the relations asserted by the doctrine of the Trinity, without conceiving of them as three Gods.

Let the reader keep his mind free from all confusion on this point, arising from Christ's incarnation, or adoption of human nature. *Before* that event, the distinction is held by Trinitarians to be just as marked as it is now. Then it was that the Father covenanted with the Son. Then it was, that the Son offered to assume human nature, and not the Father. Then it was, that the Father promised to the Son that he should 'see the travail of his soul and be satisfied.' Then it was that the Father sent the Son into the world. Is it possible for any human mind to contemplate these relations, without conceiving of those between whom they existed, as two distinct, self-conscious Beings? I aver that it is not. The Father, by supposition, must have known that he was not the Son. The Son must have known that he was not the Father. Two, who speak to one another—who confer together—the one of whom commissions, the other is commissioned—the one of whom sends the other into the world—these two are, to every human mind so contemplating them, and are in spite of itself, two beings. If not, then there is nothing in the universe answering to the idea of two beings. We all partake of a common humanity; and it might just as well be maintained that all *men* are one being, as that the three in the Trinity are one being.

In simple truth, I do not see why any reader on this subject need go farther than this. Till something credible is offered to be proved—till something better than absolute self-contradiction is proposed as a matter of belief, who is bound to attend to the argument?

I mean no discourtesy nor injustice to the Trinitarian, unless argument shall be thought such. I know that he supposes himself to hold a theory which escapes from the charge of self-contradiction. But so long as he says that the Father sent the Son, and that these two are one and the same being, I believe that he does not and cannot escape from it. I know that he professes to believe in one God; and in truth—in all his practical and devotional thoughts—whenever he prays to the Father *through* the Son—he is, and his mind compels him to be, *virtually a Unitarian*. And this doubtless is, and always has been, the state of the general mind. Practical Unitarianism has always been the general faith of Christendom. Even when, as in the Roman Church, and sometimes in the Protestant, men have prayed to Jesus Christ, it would be found, if their thoughts could be confessed, that they have forgotten the Father for the time, and their error has not consisted in Tritheism, but in clothing the being, called Jesus, with the attributes of sole Divinity. Still, though erring, they have been practical Unitarians. But scholastic men have always been weaving theories, at variance with the popular and effective belief. Half of the history of philosophy might be written in illustration of this single point. Such a theory, I conceive, is the Trinity. It has existed in creeds, in theses, in words; but not in the actual conceptions of men, not in their heartfelt belief. From the days when Tertullian complained in the second century, that the common people would not receive this doctrine, and down through all the ages of seeming assent, and to this very day, I believe that it has ever been the same dead letter. And when Christianity has fairly thrown off this incumbrance, as I believe it will, I have no doubt that many will say, what not a few are saying now, 'we never did believe in the Trinity; we always felt that the Son was inferior to the Father who sent him.'—*Dewey*.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 29, 1840.

THE COMMUNION.

We have no disposition or leisure to hold a controversy with our unknown correspondent Laicus; but are perfectly willing he should have the use of our columns to express his views, while we present our own. We write not so much to advocate or establish any particular theory upon the subject, as to set forth the results of our own experience in the pastoral office, and to illustrate the causes, which after making the Communion a matter of inquiry and conversation, with a great variety of persons, in the different walk of life and in various grades of intellectual and moral culture, we have found to operate most extensively in deterring from its observance. We are not in favor of doing away the very simple initiatory forms and professions, common in our Unitarian Churches, because, our experience (whether more or less extensive than that of Laicus we cannot tell), has not led us to believe that many were prevented by them from observing the ordinance. We have met with some who objected to these initiatory forms, but the instances are rare, very rare, in which we have met with a really serious and devout person, who made them the cause of his neglect or delay, or who was willing to admit that if these were abolished, he should instantly come forward to the table of commemoration.

This our own experience, we have regarded as sustained and confirmed by the fact, that in societies, where these initiatory forms have been done away with, the number of communicants has not increased faster than formerly, but on the contrary rather decreased; and in societies where there have been no initiatory forms for more than half a century, the number of communicants is not proportionally larger, if so large, as in others. We know of one church also, where for more than twenty five years, there has been a rule of the Church, permitting the individual if he did not choose to assent to the usual covenant of the church, to express his Christian faith in any form of words he might frame for himself, or prefer to adopt—thus leaving him at liberty to select the shortest and simplest possible, such as, 'I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ'—yet during all this period, but one person has deviated from the usual covenant, and that one, an old man who wished to make a particular and explicit profession of his faith on certain points of doctrine. He wished to make the covenant *longer, not shorter*. We also know of another Church, where the usual course is to have the covenant acknowledged at the table, before the administration of the ordinance, but where the minister is at liberty, 'on reasons sufficient and satisfactory to himself' to receive this acknowledgement, in private at his own study or the house of the individual—and yet during a period of nearly six years, and with an addition to the church of between twenty and thirty annually, no well person, no person able to go to church and observe the ordinance publicly, has wished to take advantage of this liberty, or applied to the Pastor to be privately received.

From this experience, and these facts, (of more avail with us than any theoretical reasoning,) we have become satisfied that nothing would be gained by doing away with the initiatory forms and professions, common in our Unitarian Churches—satisfied that though there may be here and there an individual, who is kept away by them, it is not so with the great mass of those who live in the neglect of this simple and touching ordinance of our faith. The causes, which operate most extensively to prevent its general observance, are independent of them. One of them, we noticed in our last, a superstitious reverence; a reverence growing out of the nature of the ordinance, and not dependant upon, or originating in these initiatory forms, seeing that it exists in the minds of many even when these forms have been abolished.

Another cause, operating with many, to which we would now direct attention, is a feeling that it is necessary to have not simply a general and confirmed Christian faith and purpose, but to have also a determined opinion upon many of the disputed points of Christian theology, and to agree in these points with those with whom they commune. When we have urged the subject upon their consideration in conversation, many have said to us, 'Why, I do not entirely agree with you in opinion, I dissent, at least, from some of the doctrines you advocate. I attend your Church, (or I attend an Unitarian Church,) because I approve of the truths and instructions, I generally hear there, the preaching does me good, it is practical, but my mind is not made up on some points, therefore I do not feel ready or prepared to join you.' But is this agreement with the supposed opinions of the pastor of the church, important, necessary, essential? Do the simple covenants of the Unitarian Churches require it, ask it, aim at it? No!

In the first place, this is not essential to the right observance of the ordinance. It was not appointed for any purpose that requires uniformity of faith. Our Savior did not connect it with any of the doctrines of the gospel, or make it the sign or pledge of faith in any. It is a memorial of himself. 'Do this as oft as ye do it in remembrance of me!' Can we not perform this act of remembrance without entire agreement in religious opinions, and even without having formed any definite opinions upon many points that are subjects of dispute among Christians. The memory of Jesus Christ, is a memory of facts, not of metaphysical propositions. Faith in Christianity, is simply faith in facts, from which every one is at liberty to deduce such consequences or doctrines as seem to him to be borne and sustained by the facts. Belief in these facts is the only faith made essential by the apostle. 'If thou confess with the lips that Jesus is the Christ, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' This is the express language of an apostle and the general spirit of the New Testament teachings. The commemoration of Jesus Christ is the commemoration of these facts. It is the commemoration of one, cradled in a manger and nursed in peril, of one whose life was crowded with deeds of benevolence matched only by the dangers and persecutions amid which he performed them, of one whose death of agony is only equalled by the calm majesty with which it was endured, and the glorious miracle of the resurrection by which it was followed. These are the things designed to be commemorated, his life of love, his death of bitterness and pain, his resurrection to glory and power. The remembrance of these will make a man a Christian, will give him that spirit of Christ without which we cannot be his disciples; and if these do not, no mysterious speculations about his nature, no definite opinion about the degree and manner of his union with God, no nice understanding of the exact meaning of his titles and of his offices, will. The design of this ordinance then, the remembrance and commemoration of Jesus Christ, of the facts of his life, and the qualities of his character is not promoted by conformity of faith and opinion, or retarded by the want of it, in those who observe it together. It was not instituted to preserve the purity and uniformity of Christian faith, but to keep alive in our hearts a remembrance and love of Christ. The truly Christian, spiritual and charitable Oberlin felt this; therefore Catholic and Protestant, Lutheran and Calvinist met together in sympathy and fellowship around the altar where he ministered. So far did he carry this spirit that he even procured wafers consecrated by a Roman Bishop, that the humble Catholics of his flock separated by the mountain fastnesses of Waldbach from communion with their distant brethren, might through his ministrations observe the Supper after the manner of their faith. This is the true Christian spirit. Happy would it have been had it more advanced in the Christian world.

But again, this uniformity is not essential, because the efficacy, the moral improvement to be derived from the ordinance, does not depend upon it. Its object is to make us better disciples by its holy and sanctifying influence upon our hearts. It is intended to speak to the soul with a sweet, persuasive voice, and win it to duty, to piety, to prayer. It is intended to chasten our love of the world, ever growing and ever dangerous, to cool and calm the passions that have been excited by the tumult and troubles of life, to give an elevated seriousness to our thoughts and purposes, as accountable and immortal beings. It is intended to stamp afresh the image of our Savior's character upon our hearts, to trace anew on memory's tablet, the lines, which tell of his sufferings and his love. It is graciously appointed as a haven of rest, where the tried and tempted soul may gather strength to pursue the strait and narrow way of duty. These are the moral purposes, these the holy influences of the ordinance. But are these confined to uniformity of sentiment? Can the high and holy effects of our Master's memorial, its mighty triumphs over sin and folly, selfishness and pride, its holy workings in the deep recesses of thought and feeling, can these be found and enjoyed only where it is observed with faith pinned to another's sleeve and minds comformed to common standard? We feel that it is not so. The *Lord's* Supper is independent of and superior to all those human inventions which make it a Catholic or Episcopal, Lutheran or Calvinist, Baptist or Methodist, Orthodox or Unitarian Supper. The good influences flow from itself alone, from its pure, simple, affecting nature as a memorial of Jesus Christ, and not from any dogmas and speculations men may have connected with it. It matters not in what form of words our faith has been expressed, nor what the peculiarities of that faith may be. It matters not how closely we may agree with or how widely we may differ from those who are on our right hand and on our left, as we meet around the table. These things attach not to the design or efficacy of the ordinance and need not be brought into mind as we observe it. We meet as sinful, dying men, we meet as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, to gain moral strength and nourishment from the journey of life. We meet, seeking the soul's best good, our Savior's honor and our Father's love. We meet to remember Christ, by remembering his precepts which were not delivered in the technical language of any sect. We meet to imbibe and cherish his spirit which is not confined to this or that denomination; to be encouraged in the imitation of his example, which stands out on the broad page of the Gospel history, the property of all Christians. We meet to commune with each other, as beings whose hopes, obligations and destiny are the same, to commune with Christ, the commissioned Redeemer, the crucified friend of all, to commune with God as our soul's Father, the life and light of our hearts; and if we unite in these great purposes and open our hearts to these holy influences, it matters not how widely we may differ upon other points. Here is ground broad enough for the world to meet upon.

It is not necessary therefore, to an acceptable profession of Christian faith or a profitable observance of the Lord's Supper, to wait till you find a church with whose minister and members you entirely agree. It is only necessary that you have opportunity to make this profession and observe this memorial where your peculiarities of faith will not be questioned. This opportunity is enjoyed in all our Unitarian churches.

THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATION IN A REPUBLIC.

This was the subject of the Introductory Lecture delivered by Hon. Horace Mann, before the American Institute of Instruction, at its late Session in Providence. A theme of deeper concern to the people of this country could not have been selected, and it was treated, as one who was present informs us, in a manner admirably suited to make all who listened to the address feel most deeply the absolute necessity of greater, efforts than have heretofore been exerted, in behalf of the moral culture of the young in order to render our free institutions safe and permanent. The concluding part of the discourse was especially adapted to produce this impression. After having spoken of the propensities of our nature, which, though good in themselves, are liable to abuses that result in injury as well to society as to the individual, the Lecturer adverted to the peculiar stimulus given to these propensities in this country, and dwelt on the need, arising therefrom, of extraordinary influences to secure them in a right direction. In other lands, the evil tendencies of our nature are checked by force. Here man is free, and his progress in every course he chooses to pursue is unimpeded. He noticed also the difference between us and our ancestors. They came to these shores with moral habits already formed. They respected law because it was law, and conformed their feelings and conduct to what was established. It is not so with us. We have other sentiments of liberty; we are not restrained by influences that controled them. What then? Shall we go back? How far? To the dark ages? We cannot go back. We must take the times as they are. We cannot now by law restrain the popular will; the legislator must ask what the popular will can bear, as the naturalist inspects the volcano, not to devise means of preventing its eruptions, but to ascertain what it will do. No, we cannot go back. We must train the young to right views, feelings, and habits. Adults are fixed in character; the influences operating upon them cannot effect the change we desire. We must direct attention to the young. Here is our only hope. We must see to it that every child is so educated, so put under the guidance of a right spirit, so led to reverence God and duty, that it shall not fall over the precipice of guilt where their elders have found their own ruin and occasioned that of others. He then most happily illustrated and enforced the responsibleness of society in respect to this great work, showing how it was alike the interest and the duty of every citizen to feel a deep concern in it, and to spare neither labor nor expense in securing to every child a moral, as well as an intellectual education, that will make him both happy in himself and a useful member of the community.

We cannot but regard this subject of moral education as the greatest that can engage the thoughts of the American people. As yet, but few comparatively have felt any thing like what its importance justifies and demands. Intellectual cultivation is good, is indispensable; but unaccompanied by thorough moral training, it may prove a curse, instead of a blessing. We profess ourselves behind none in wishes and efforts for the diffusion of knowledge; but we cannot but grieve, we tremble for our country, when we see so many resting content with this, and treating with indifference those great moral truths and sentiments, which do and must constitute the basis of all real, lasting prosperity in a free community. Without virtue—virtue in the multitude of the people—nothing can save us from the fate of the elder nations. The remark has become a trite one, we know, but it must be repeated, and repeated again, till all they at least who can exert an influence by word or by deed, cease to think and talk and act as if wealth and intelligence, instead of piety and morality, were the means and the measure of our country's greatness and glory. If ruin ever befall us, as a republic, it will not be from the want of intelligence and wealth, but from the lack of fidelity to the laws of higher nature. It is not the intrigues of any one man, whoever he may be, nor the perverse policy of any single party, by whatever name called, that can destroy the foundation of the nation's prosperity. It is corruption in the mind and heart of the great mass of the people that alone can do it. Let it become the prevailing disposition of the inhabitants of this land to look only at things seen and temporal—to prefer outward to inward good—to account the sentiments and habits of virtue and religion, alike in themselves and in their rulers, as of little importance, in comparison with knowledge and wealth and the display thereof, and the days of our glory are numbered.

Messrs. Editors,—I send you a slight notice of the late Rev. Timothy Flint, and also his account of the tornado at Natchez, the last production of his pen. S.

Mr Flint was one of the most distinguished of our literary characters, especially at the West, where, and on the West for his subject, his genius have shone most conspicuously. In his 'Ten years' residence in the Valley of the Mississippi,' he has erected an everlasting monument to his fame. An emigrant to that new world thirty years since, he will ever be resorted to as one of the earliest, most ingenious, graphic and faithful delineators of her character and history. And the exciting adventures of his own family embraced in that work, lend to it a deeper interest than the imaginary incidents of poetry or romance. His ingenious works of fiction have their 'local habitation' in the West also, and serve to render his picture of that country the more complete. He was the well known Editor of a number of American periodicals.

Born in one of our country towns, and educated at Cambridge, he was early settled in a country parish. Of ardent temperament, active, insatiable inquisitiveness, confident in his opinions and sanguine in his pursuits, indefatigably studious, and well read in his profession and the auxiliary sciences and literature, he was, however, signally deficient in a knowledge of the world. His parish had not the kindness to overlook the innocent peculiarities incident to this; and some chemical investigations and experiments which he prosecuted with his usual ardor they thought little better than the black art. It was for similar pursuits the learned monk, Roger Bacon, was, in his day, styled 'Roger the devil.' His connection with his parish ceased, and, with his wife and infant family, he emigrated as a missionary to the West. He was assisted in this by a generous and affluent merchant of Salem. He was also a teacher at the West, and a most accomplished one, if we are to judge from his success with the pupils of his family. His eldest son was a distinguished Advocate, and complimented in the Edinburgh Review as the most successful poet of our country. Mr Flint was not like Horace's traveller, who experienced no change of character with his change of skies. In the bitter school of experience, and from more intimate intercourse with mankind, he became a most sagacious judge of human character, and as cunning an analizer of the distinguishing traits of society or individuals, as the cleverest of his northern countrymen. He became an adept in this the more readily from his passionate love of society and conversation. He was himself an eloquent companion, of inexhaustible information, infinite anecdote, surcharged with wit and humor, and, what is better, with good humor. How his heart overflowed with human kindness, his numerous troops of friends in every part of our country will cordially attest. Of the exhibition of this same affectionate disposition in relation to his family, of the deep, strong, self-absorbing devotion of his love to them, we should not dare attempt to give the slightest conception, were we not in possession of facts which speak louder than words. In a letter written by him after the tornado at Natchez, when he and his son were dug out alive from beneath the ruins of an hotel, he expresses the most perfect indifference at his own escape; 'But,' he says, 'I can never thank God enough that my dear James, so different in years and promise, escaped by the same miracle.' And what strength and purity of congugal affection must it have been which elicited from his Lady a love which the Savior of mankind has pronounced the strongest of which human nature is capable. Her life was a sacrifice to her love for him; the declaration that his immediate dissolution was inevitable, proved to be her own death warrant. The last heavenly messenger who summoned him to a better and a happier world, he met with the resolution of a Philosopher, the resignation, hope and confidence of a Christian. He says in one of his last letters;—'Submission is my wisdom as well as my duty, and I am thankful I feel it in all its comfort.'

We are happy to add another interesting morceau to our literature from his pen, the last it was fated to produce. It is a description of the late tornado at Natchez, and the most vivid, graphic and realizing picture of the horrors of that catastrophe we have met with. Even at the last, like the Swan, he sung most sweetly.

Extract from one of his last Letters, dated Reading, Mass.

'The morning preceding the storm had been excessively sultry. The sky was overcast rather, as it appeared, with a sort of dusty haze, than thick clouds—and the sky from nine to one was a continual rumble of a hundred low thunders all melting into each other, and no rain fell. At half after one, there sat at the hotel table, I suppose, fifty guests. The thunder had within a few minutes become severe, and the darkness so great, as to require candles. But these circumstances are not apt in that climate to create alarm. I finished a hasty dinner, and went through a reading room, and a beautiful bar-room to the front door looking up the street, for it was Natches under the hill. I saw a terrific looking black cloud, as though a well defined belt of black broad cloth, seeming a mile and a half wide, shooting up the river bluff with fearful velocity. At the end it poured out dark wreathes, resembling those of the steamboat pipe. I ran to the reading room for James, bidding him take my arm, and follow me into the street. But as we made for the front door, the windows and doors blew in. The boats were seen dashing into the river, and the air was black and full of flying fragments. There was a general rush for the front door. The rush closed the passage, and kickings, fighting, and cursing ensued. Part were trampled under foot, and part, such as James and I, thrown over their heads. They, fortunately for us, threw us and three more into a place, where we were destined to be saved. It was between the bar room and the reading room. I felt the pillars reel, seized one of them, and expected the next moment to have all my maladies effectually cured. The next moment every thing came down with a crash like the blow of a hammer, and the whole pile chimnies and all were packed as close, as if they had been taken down and piled. Water poured upon us like a torrent, and we were as dark as Egypt. James had been separated from me. I found myself alive though much bruised and crushed, and a nail had gone through my hat, and grazed my temple, so as to cause some bleeding. My first word was for 'James! James! are you alive?' The answer was, 'I am. Are you living, father?' We were saved by the arching of two or three beams, that resisted all that came upon them. He crawled through the mud, and got hold of my hand. The timbers gave us four inches. After being there, perhaps, half an hour, we were extricated. The town under the hill, boats and all, were a wreck—in fact, the latter all sunk and gone. Many bodies were dug from our house, and the whole spectacle was one of sickening horror. I was many hours covered with mud, and under a drenching rain, before I could recover any clothes, or get a shelter. The crown of James' hat was cut from his head, just grazing the top of the scull. He returned home, after seeing me on an up country boat. The season had been the warmest ever known, and we had had two months of high summer. The weather turned very cold, the night I began to ascend the river, and my long drenching and exposure, with my previous sickness, gave me severe chills. They followed me all the way here, and contributed, I have no doubt, to my present condition.

I had not thought when I began, that I could scrawl so much. Take it, not for what it is worth, but for what it has cost me. You will, probably, be one of my last correspondents. At any rate, I can only lose the memory of your kindness to me and mine with life. I am, dear sir, gratefully and affectionately yours.

TIMOTHY FLINT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE A. U. A.

Hillsboro', Ill., July 20, 1840.

Dear Sir,—The Society here are very desirous of having a sanctuary. Six of us have already subscribed $100, others will probably make up the amount to $500. If an equal sum can be supplied from the East, they will build immediately, and have a church before winter. The two Sundays that I have been here, we have worshipped in the Court-house; and have had at all our meetings much the largest assemblies that have within that time been convened. The first Sunday in August we expect to have the Lord's Supper administered; we shall then see what accessions are made to our church. We already number upwards of thirty communicants. The Society has received some valuable accessions since I left them a year ago; a number of our Audubon friends usually come in to attend our meetings on the Sabbath—a distance of 20 miles! Can you show us greater zeal in New England? I shall go out to Audubon and spend a Sabbath soon.

Yours in Christian friendship, W. P. H.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 10, 1840.

Dear Sir,—There are two points—two places—in Michigan, which I think ought now or soon to be occupied by Unitarians—Detroit and Ann Arbor. You ought to be entering your wedge, to be sowing your seed; for eventually there will be ample room and scope for fine and flourishing societies in both places. In Ann Arbor especially, there seems a call upon the friends of Unitarianism to do something; for in a few years our University will be in operation, and the young men will, I trust, be generally inclined to hear liberal preachers in preference to the orthodox. Their first impressions will be likely to abide with them through life. On this account, as well as others, I think it a fit field for your missionary operations. * * * * To Unitarians I am personally the most indebted. Dr Channing, whose discourses I found in Scotland, converted me. He is the father of my better views; and to Unitarians I have owed my most delightful and instructive reading ever since. They furnish nearly all my mental food at the present time, as they have done for eight years past. I have taken the Christian Examiner since Nov. 1838, and the Monthly Miscellany from its commencement. You will do me a favor, if you will send me by mail, every new Tract of the A. U. A., as soon as published.

With respect and Christian affection,

Yours truly, T. C. A.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse on the life and character of the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Lancaster, delivered at his interment, June 29, 1840, by Alonzo Hill, minister of the second Society in Worcester.

Some just tributes have already been paid, in this and other journals, to the character of the late Dr Thayer; and those who had not already known may have learnt how wide a space he filled in the respect and affection of our religious community. But this discourse, delivered at his interment, and by one, whose opportunities of personal friendship give weight to his testimony, will not fail, we are certain, of a cordial acceptance from the bereaved parishioners and numerous friends of its respected subject. Though it was prepared under all the disadvantages which a *funeral* tribute of necessity implies, it needs none of the allowances, which such efforts usually require, and a candid audience should be ever ready to bestow. It is a faithful, discriminating, and impressive exhibition of a good man and a devoted minister. And the lessons, suggested by his useful life and his sudden death,—reiterated, as the Preacher shows, by the recent departure of others whom we have honored as lights and guides, are enforced with peculiar earnestness and solemnity.

'The present year,' he says, 'will be marked in the annals of our churches. How many of the pillars of our Zion have fallen! How many of our associates and friends have departed! The fathers, where are they? Gone are they to render their account. The faithful fail from among the children of men. The voices of the aged and the venerable are hushed. The loved forms that used to rise up among us have disappeared. Their last invitations and warnings have been given. Their last prayers in earthly assemblies have been offered. And can it be so? When we look upon the tranquil face of nature, upon the material world retaining its wonted aspect—upon the uninterrupted outgoings of the morning and the unfailing returns of the evening, we can scarcely realize the greatness of the change that has passed over us. But when we come to the place, where fervent devotions have been wont to go up, and lessons of grave instruction to be given; when questions of difficulty arise, and counsels of wisdom needed; when we pass the dwelling, where kindness and hospitality reigned, and hear no word of welcome from accustomed lips, then do we realize that a change has come, and that they who are with us are not.'—p. 25.

It is a striking coincidence that as the year of Dr Thayer's birth—1769—'was remarkable for the number of distinguished men to whom it gave birth,' so the present, the year of his death, has been already signalized by the decease, far beyond the customary proportions, of eminent individuals, both in church and state. Within our own immediate circle, all may at once recal the names of Follen, and Kirkland, of Lowell and Tuckerman, and now of Thayer and of Flint.

We have sometimes been led to doubt the expediency of the custom, which has obtained among us, of invariably preaching sermons at the funerals of ministers. The custom is comparatively of recent origin, not known to our fathers, nor to their children till within the last half century.

Were the clergy as a class, as distinguished for their intellectual and moral attainments as was the subject of this notice, as was Dr Bancroft and other eminent individuals; and were all as competent as the writer of the discourse before us to bestow just eulogium—we should find little to object, and much to desire in the usage. But is there no danger, that in a benevolent wish to console the bereaved, and to meet the expectations of the occasion, virtues not surpassing the ordinary, and gifts, even much below them, may be unduly exalted; and the pulpit thus incur the charge of bestowing flattering praises? It would surely be of doubtful utility and of dangerous precedent, to pronounce a eulogy or a funeral discourse on every lawyer or physician, or upon men of any other profession *as such*. Is there not something of the same danger as applied to clergymen? Yet when, as in the instance before us, the 'excellent' die, who have instructed and blest by their gifts and by their lives, let them be praised. Justice to their worth demands it; and they who survive may be excited by their example. 'For the glory of virtue is immortal. When it is present men take knowledge of it, and when it is gone they desire it.'

The Works of William E. Channing, D. D., 4 volumes, third edition. Glasgow: 1840.

We have here the only complete and correct collection of what Dr Channing had published previously to March 27, 1839. 'It contains,' as he informs us in his preface, 'all such of his writings, up to that time, as he wishes to appear under his name.' Any remarks of ours on the contents of these volumes would be superfluous; but our readers may desire to see the author's preface, brief as it is, to the Edition before us. It follows:

'The Author is unwilling that this Edition should appear, without expressing his great pleasure at the favorable reception which his writings have met with in Great Britain. He is aware that this is no sure sign of the truth or importance of his views. But when works of a grave character, written from the heart and with no reference to popular opinion, make their way among strangers, unaided by any efforts to promote their circulation, the presumption is, that they are not wholly lifeless traditions, but that they answer in a measure to some real and enduring want of our nature. These volumes will show, that the Author feels strongly the need of deep social changes, of a spiritual revolution in Christendom, of a new bond between man and man, of a new sense of the relation between man, and his Creator. At the same time, they will show his firm belief, that our present low civilization, the central idea of which is wealth, cannot last forever; that the mass of men are not doomed hopelessly and irresistibly to the degradation of mind and heart in which they are now sunk; that a new comprehension of the end and dignity of a human being is to remodel social institutions and manners; that in Christianity and in the powers and principles of human nature, we have the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. It is a privilege to live in this faith, and a privilege to communicate it to others. The Author is not without hope, that he may have strength for some more important labors; but if disappointed in this, he trusts, that these writings, which may survive him a little time, will testify to his sympathy with his fellow creatures and to his faith in God's great purposes towards the human race.'

'He will only add, that this Edition in the only complete and correct collection of what he has hitherto published. It contains all such of his writings up to this time, as he wishes to appear under his name.'

Boston, March 27, 1839.'

Our readers will be glad to find it announced in an advertisement of this week's paper, that Messrs Munroe & Co., of this city, propose soon to issue from their press, an Edition of Dr Channing's works, corresponding to the one last published at Glasgow.

MASSACHUSETTS COMMON SCHOOL REPORTS.

We are gratified to learn that Reports, for the year 1839—40, have been sent to the Secretary of the Board of Education from 301 towns, amounting in the whole to more than 2000 compactly written letter-paper pages, and that, (in the language of the Secretary,) 'of the great body of the reports themselves, it is hardly possible to speak in terms of exaggeration.' He also makes the interesting statement, that, 'what shows the sincerity and high principle which dictated them, and, in these excited times, may be regarded as their most remarkable characteristic, is, that, though emanating from men of every shade and variety of religious and political opinion, there is not an expression, from beginning to end, from which it could be predicated, with any degree of certainty, to what party, political or theological, the writers belonged.' God grant that so it may always be, and that no party or sectarian spirit may ever be awakened in this Commonwealth to counteract the efforts now making to elevate and improve the condition of our Common Schools.

An abstract from the above mentioned School Returns has been prepared by the Secretary of the Board of Education, and will soon be distributed. The one sent out last year abounded in useful information; and, we are assured that which is now to be issued will prove to be not less instructive. Let it be sought for and read by all who have at heart the interests of popular education. No one can rise from the perusal of such documents without at least two valuable impressions—the one, that our Common Schools greatly need improvement, and the other, that measures are in a course of execution, which all may help to forward, and which, if carried to successful issues, will secure to our youth means of education not enjoyed in any other land. We do not think the Secretary exaggerates, when he says, 'it would be impossible for the wisest man living to prepare any essay or volume, on the subject of our Common School system, so well adapted to the wants of the community, as are the selections from the school committees' reports;' and we agree with him, in most earnestly commending them to the friends of education, throughout the State.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

CATHERINE L. HEYWOOD.

Died in Grafton, July 29th, Mrs Catherine L. Heywood, wife of Charles L. Heywood, aged 33.

It is but just to the memory of Mrs Heywood to observe, that her character as a Christian was consistent, persevering and exemplary. The triumphant death of this amiable lady, presents a useful lesson to the uncharitable. A few days previous to her death, a friend said to her—'You know that it is said that Unitarianism will do very well to live by, but not to die by.' She replied—'yes, I know that it is said by some that Unitarians do not die happy.' 'Are you happy?' said her friend; 'Yes, I am happy—happy. Tell them for me that one Unitarian died resigned and happy.' She was a member of the Unitarian Church in this place, and a teacher in the Sabbath School. By this mournful dispensation the Church has lost a worthy member, and the Sabbath School a faithful and devoted teacher. Were it not for the hopes and consolations which the religion of Jesus is calculated to inspire, the mourner might well refuse to be comforted. But thanks be to God, that Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by his triumphant resurrection from the grave. How full of consolation are the words of Jesus to the true mourner—'I am the resurrection and the life.' One of the most distinguished blessings which rational Christianity confers upon its possessor, is, it qualifies him to look on the graves of departed friends with composure, believing that they will live again. Weeping mourners, listen to the sublime words of Jesus, and dry your tears; for though your friend be dead, she liveth in glory, and in the affections of her bereaved husband and children. Mourn not as those without hope, for your temporary loss is her eternal gain.

'God of the mourner! O relieve the lot
Of him to whom thy Providence has brought
This hour of wo: Be thou the mourner's trust,
Now bent by grief and sorrow to the dust.
May this event thy wisdom overrule—
Advancing him in virtue's trying school:
Guiding his feet in that eternal way,
Which brighter grows, e'en unto perfect day.
* * * * * * * *
God of the orphan! hear the orphan's prayer—
And take them under thy Almighty care:
Be thou their God, their Guardian, and their Guide,
Whate'er of ill or sorrow may betide.
O! may these lambs of the dear Savior's choice,
Listen attentive to his kindly voice;
Joining the fold in this their day o youth
Of him who is the way, the life, the truth.'

Grafton, August, 24*th* 1840.

WILLIAM W. WILLARD. ESQ.

Died, in Binghampton, Broome Co., N. Y., on the 4th inst., William W. Willard Esq., late of Boston, Cashier of the Binghampton Bank, aged 27.

The following brief tribute to the memory of this estimable young man is from the Broome Republican of the 6th instant.

Mr Willard came to this place from Boston in the spring of 1839; and for sometime, and until his appointment as Cashier, was the Teller in the new Binghampton Bank, then just established. The circumstances attending his decease are melancholy and distressing. Although he had been ill for some weeks, he was apparently convalescent until within a few hours of his death. The grim herald paid his visit to his pillow, at a time, when hope had cheered the hearts of friends, and pointed to his ultimate, if not speedy recovery. So strong indeed had been that hope and expectation on his part, that he had not deemed it necessary to apprise his relatives of his illness. None of them, therefore, were present, to surround his dying bed, when his spirit took leave of earth; but those relatives will have the consolation of the assurance that he received, during his illness, all the kindness, care, attention and medical skill possible to have been bestowed—and they will bear with them the deep-felt sympathies of a numerous circle of friends, to whom, during his brief stay here, he had endeared himself, by his honor, integrity and amiability of character.

At a meeting of the young men of Binghamton, on the 16th inst. the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we regard with emotions of the deepest sorrow, the death of our esteemed friend and associate WILLIAM W. WILLARD, ESQ.

Resolved, That his gentlemanly deportment, his kind and amiable qualities and unblemished integrity, during his brief residence here, has justly acquired for him the regard and the respect of the community; and more especially of his intimate friends and associates—and that the sudden shaft of death which sent him thus early to the tomb, has thrown a shade of deep gloom around them, and has deprived society of one of its best ornaments, his companions of an amiable and worthy friend, and a mother and fraternal relatives, far away, of an inestimable son and brother.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the relations of the deceased, in the loss they have sustained; and that a copy of these resolutions be communicated to them.

INTELLIGENCE.

Commencement.—The exercises of commencement at Cambridge on Wednesday, were well attended. Governor Morton and the principal officers of the state were present. The exercises of the day were listened to with interest, by a numerous audience, among whom besides the friends of literature in this region generallly, were many strangers. The degree of A. B. was conferred on forty three young gentlemen whose names are given below.

The following honorary degrees were also conferred. viz.

The degree of L. L. D. on his excellency Gov. Morton, and that of D. D. on Rev. John Codman, of Dorchester, and Rev. Joseph Field of Weston, and the degree of A. M. on Rev. Theodore Parker, of Roxbury.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. William Emerson Faulkner, Cambridge.
2. A Conference. 'The Historical Novel and the Ancient Epic.' Henry Frederic Bond, Boston; Thomas Worthington King, Cincinnati, Ohio.
3. An Essay. 'Simplicity of Style, as necessary to the Permanence of Literary Fame.' Edward Hulker Welch, Boston.
4. A Conference. 'Regret for the Past; Content with the Present; Distrust of the Future.' Benjamin Franklin Blood, Lowell; Arthur Lithgow Devens, Cambridge; Archibald Gracie King, New-York, N. Y.
5. A Colloquy. 'Resistance and Punishment of Wrongs, and Submission to them, considered as Principles of Action.' Hervey Isaac Parker, Cavendish, Vt; Edward Brooks Peirson, Salem.
6. An Essay. 'Poetical Inspiration.' John Francis Heath, Petersburgh, Va.
Music.
7. A Scientific Disquisition. 'In what Sense is it true, that many of the great Discoveries in Science have been Accidental?' Benjamin Adams Spaulding, Billerica.
8. A Colloquy. 'The alleged demoralizing Influence of Large Towns.' James Lawrence, Boston; John Chandler Nourse, Hallowell, Me.
9. A Literary Disquisition. 'Eccentricity in an Author as a Means of attracting Attention.' Henry Aylwin, Quebec, L. C.
10. A Forensic Disputation. 'Is the Course which the Chinese have taken, in relation to the Opium Trade, justifiable?' Charles Gideon Davis, Plymouth; Joseph Addison White, Peterborough, N. H.
11. An Ethical Disquisition. 'The Sacrifice of Principle to Expediency.' Charles William Parsons, Providence, R. I.
12. A Forensic Disputation. 'Are the Extreme Doctrines and Measures of the Day ascribable to greater Activity of Conscience, or to other Causes?' Samuel Kneeland, Boston; Ephraim Curtis Roby, Littleton, N. H.
Music.
13. A Dissertation. 'The Irish Character.' William Orne White, Salem.
14. A Deliberative Discussion. 'Is the Moral and Religious Education of the People a Legitimate End of Civil Government?' Joseph McKean Churchill, Milton; Joseph Coolidge Shaw, Boston.
15. A Dissertation. 'Parallel between the Orations of Cicero against Verres, and the Speeches of Burke against Hastings.' Henry Colman Kimball, Needham.
16. A Dissertation. 'The Relation between Genius and Radicalism, as illustrated in Milton.' William Goodwin Russell, Plymouth.
17. An English Oration. 'Freedom and Truth.' Joseph Henry Allen, Northborough.
18. An English Oration. 'Periodical Literature.' George Partridge Sanger, Dover.
Music.
19. An English Oration. 'Ultraism.' John Benjamin Henk, Philadelphia, Pa.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An Oration in English. 'The Tyranny of Association.' Mr John Fenwick Eustis, Charleston, S. C.
2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr Charles Theodore Russell, Princeton.

The following young gentlemen, composing the graduating class, received the degree of A. B:—

Joseph Henry Allen, Henry Aylwin, Benjamin Franklin Blood, Henry Frederic Bond, Henry Bryant, Charles Edward Buckingham, James Elliot Cabot, John Capen, George Francis Chever, Joseph McKean Churchill, William Augustus Crafts, Charles Gideon Davis, Arthur Lithgow Devens, William Emerson Faulkner, John Francis Heath, John Benjamin Henk, Benjamin Heywood, Nathaniel Dean Hubbard, Frederick Hussey, Henry Colman Kimball, Thomas Worthington King, Archibald Gracie King, Samuel Kneeland, James Lawrence, John Chandler Nourse, Hervey Isaac Parker, Charles William Parsons, Edward Brooks Peirson, John Pierpont, Ephraim Curtis Roby, William Goodwin Russell, George Partridge Sanger, Joseph Coolidge Shaw, Sabin Smith, William Sohier, Benjamin Adams Spaulding, Frederick Fessenden Thayer, Samuel Todd, Edward Holker Welch, Moses Williams Weld, Joseph Addison White, William Orne White, Joseph Otis Williams, Francis Asbury Worthington.

Our paper is put to press too early to give anything more than the most brief account of the exercises on Thursday. We defer our notice of them, therefore, till next week.

Commencement of Williams College.—This anniversary took place on the 18th inst. A Correspondent of the New York Evening Post says:

The performances of the young gentlemen who were graduated, were with few exceptions extremely creditable, evincing at once the advantages and the thoroughness of the system pursued at the college.

The institution has never been more flourishing than at the present moment, and from the deep interest taken in it, by a large number of distinguished alumni, who were present, it promises to maintain onward its course. Forty young gentlemen entered the freshman class on Wednesday last, and twenty six received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Under the direction, and at the expense, too, of Professor Albert Hopkins, an observatory has been erected, which was the first of the kind in the Union, and is, I believe, now one of two, the other being at the Western Reserve College. The building is exceedingly ornamental and well arranged. The dome of the first story is canvass, painted sky blue and is filled with the important stars, the course of the planets, &c., as they appear in that latitude. One wing contains a portion of the philosophical apparatus, the other a powerful reflecting telescope, constructed under Professor H's supervision, I believe in England. The dome is variable, and in it is a telescope which magnifies 800, and I should judge was 12 feet in length and 12 to 18 inches in diameter. Two thirds of the cost of the construction has been assumed by the corporation, the balance is a donation from the Professor.

Fire.—A fire broke out on Sunday night, about a quarter before one o' clock, in a distillery situated in Distil-House-Street, a street leading from 548 Washington-street to Front-street. When first seen, a large butt, containing New-England rum, situated near a window, was on fire, which gives rise to suspicion that it was the work of an incendiary. The butt soon exploded, and the fire communicated to other parts of the building and other vessels containing the combustible liquid. A considerable portion of the building was destroyed—also a shed adjoining the distillery, in which a large quantity of rum and molasses was stowed. A shed on the opposite side of the street, containing empty hogsheads, &c. was also destoyed. These buidings, with their contents, all belonged to Gardner Brewer, and loss of property is estimated at about $ 10,000, a great portion of which is insured. A shop on the opposite side of the stree occupied by Ephraim W. Edmands, sash-maker, with all its contents, was also burnt. We understand that Mr Edmands was insured. There were a number of wooden building adjoining the distilery, which, by the great exertions of the fire department, the members of which exhibited their usual alacrity and energy on this occasion, were saved.

Emigration to the British West Indies.—Mr. S. Whitmarsh of Northampton, has given public notice that he is authorised by the Government of Jamaica, to offer a free passage to all approved white or colored emigrants to that beautiful island, with subsistence till employed, and other advantages, the particulars of which will be cheerfully given on application to him previous to the 1st of September next.

Conviction under the Laws against the Slave Trade.—The trial of A. Sletor, in the U. S. Circuit Court, New York, for serving on board the schooner Sarah Anne, as mate, while engaged in the slave trade, has terminated in the prisoner being found guilty. The punishment allotted to the offence, is a fine of not more than $2000, and imprisonment for not more than ten years.

North Eastern Boundary.—The report of Col. Mudge and Mr Featherstonhaugh, the commissioners appointed by the British Government to survey the North Eastern Boundary Line had just been published.

The Liverpool Times of the 4th inst. states that report is in favor of the British Government, and 'renders it probable that by far the greater portion of the territory now claimed by America as part of Maine, will be decided to belong to the British crown."

The Boston Daily Advertiser one of the most candid political papers in the country has the following paragraph on this subject.

The British Commissioners Report on the Boundary.—The Great Western and Acadia brought from England copies of the report of the British Commissioners, who visited the Maine frontier last season for the purpose of making a survey, and their speculations upon the question in dispute between the two countries. Some of the New York and Philadelphia papers have published considerable portions of the report. We should have followed their example, did we not think that we should be causing a great waste of time of our readers, by inviting their attention to so long, so tedious, and so irrelevant a document as this proves to be. A very large part of the report, containing geographical details, is on every hypothesis of interpretation of the treaty wholly irrelevant to the question under discussion. The whole argument, so far from being rational, and even plausible, is actually frivolous. It contains some geographical facts, in addition to those which were before known, but we do not observe one of the least importance.

The Southern cities are thus far free from disease, their present condition contrasting very strongly with their miserable state at the same time last year. It may be the sickly season is to come yet; but our Southern friends have the satisfaction of knowing that the period of sickness, should it come, will be proportionally short.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

Boundary Survey.—We learn from the Globe that Maj. James D. Graham, with Lieuts. Lee and Town, of the Topographical Engineers, are ordered on the survey of the due north line of the North East Boundary.

Another Shocking Accident.—Steamboat James Gibbon, blown up.—We have the painful duty to announce that that the steam tow-boat James Gibbon was blown up this morning, about twenty-five miles below Richmond, by the bursting of the boiler. The Captain's wife, two children and a servant, were dreadfully scalded. Two of the hands are missing. One of the children, a little boy, five or six years old, died a short time after the accident. The others are considered out of danger. The explosion is represented as most terrific, the boiler being blown entirely out of the boat on to an ark which was in tow, and the escape pipe was blown over in the woods.—The sufferers were brought up to the city about eleven o'clock, by the steamboat Patrick Henry. The little child which died was dreadfully burned. We have not learned the probable origin of this shocking catastrophe. —*Richmond Star, Aug.* 21.

Distressing Accident.—On Saturday evening last, a large number of persons having collected on the draw of one of the streets crossing the receiving basin at Albany, the draw gave way, and about 70 persons were precipitated into the water, and 21 of the number were drowned.

From Bermuda.—By the arrival of the brig Quadruple, we have files of Hamilton papers to the 11th August. Those of the latest dates are filled with, to use the words of the Bermudian, 'choice selections of interesting intelligence from the mother country and other parts of the globe,' and of course contain the record of no domestic occurrences worth copying.

We cut the following paragraphs from the Royal Gazette of July 28.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Important Intelligence.—A letter written by a resident in Surinam has been received in town. A Dutch Government steamer, from the Gambian coast, had arrived at Paramaribo with fifty wild Africans, indentured to labor as pioneers at the public works, for fourteen years. A French vessel, which had attempted the exportation of a similar cargo, had been compelled by the English cruisers to set them free; but had sailed in consequence, to lay a narrative of the whole occurrence before the parent government.

Holland and France are said to be bent on prosecuting the new branch of trade, which they contend does not amount to enslavement, and on trying the question with England, if she dispute their right.

If Holland and France insist upon stocking their plantations with African apprentices, England must yield to their demands. For, first, the nations interested in the traffic are too powerful for her to cope withal, especially while she is implicated in a contest with 'a third of the human race.' 2. The abolition party is not a war party, but disclaims the use of all but moral means. How the leaders will be able to reconcile their knowledge of the impulse given to foreign slavery with their denial of immigrants to the British colonies, time will show. The sooner the crisis reaches its height the better for the West Indies.—*Guiana Times, July* 8.

Maggots in Cheese.—A writer in the Yankee Farmer gives the following very simple and perfect remedy against this annoyance.

When cheeses are put upon the shelves for maturing and making, put a few drops of new rum, or any other kind of spirit, upon the shelf, where the cheese is to be placed, and repeat this every time the cheese is turned, till it begins to smell a little of the spirit, and no flies will meddle with the cheese. If a few should accidentally get in, punch some little holes with a sharp stick, and pour some spirit into them, and then close the holes over with some dressing, and it will destroy all the maggots. If cheeses laid by for family use become maggoty, they may be saved by either of the above methods, and without injury to the quality of the cheese.

Bunker Hill Monument Fair.—Ladies, who wish to make their contributions to this object in money, are informed that the Treasurer, Miss Mary Otis, will be happy to receive all such contributions at No. 47 Beacon street.

This money will be appropriated to the purchase of materials for the use of the many ladies among us, whose hearts are willing, and whose hands ready to give in aid of the cause all that they can—their time and their skill.

Any Ladies in, or out of the city, having articles of any kind to contribute, which they may be uncertain where to send, may have them carefully attended to and distributed to the different tables, if sent to Mrs S. J. HALE, United States Hotel; Mrs J. K. MILLS, No. 7 Chauncy Place, or Mrs. T. B. WALES, No. 24 Winter street.

Ladies of any city or town intending to furnish and take charge of a table or tables, are requested to notify either of the ladies above named, as soon as may be convenient.

☞ Editors and Publishers of Newspapers, who are willing to contribute so much to the promotion of the object, are requested to give the preceding notice a few insertions in their respective publications.

*** WANTED.—A few copies of Nos. 4, 12, 15 and 31, of the current volume of the Christian Register. Persons who have these copies which they can conveniently part with will oblige the publisher, if they will forward them to the 'Christian Register Office' by mail or otherwise.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

All persons disposed to aid in the establishment of religious institutions in the West, and particularly in the erection of churches at Chicago, Quincy, Hillsboro', Peoria and Tremont, Ill., are requested to leave funds with the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street; who is in correspondence with the societies in those places, and will forward to them whatever may be contributed.

As 500 dollars to each of these societies would enable them to build suitable houses of worship, and make them permanent societies, it is earnestly desired that individuals in Boston, and other parts of New England, will feel a deep sympathy for their less favored brethren of the West, (who are struggling hard to provide for themselves and their children the blessings of religion which are enjoyed here) and be ready to help them in this their time of need.

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

Books for Parish and Sunday School Libraries at Hillsboro', Quincy, Chicago, Ill., Burlington, Iowa Territory, and other places in the West, may be left at the Office of the Gen. Secr'y of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street, and they will be immediately forwarded.

MARRIAGES.

In this city Mr George Crosby to Miss Anna Binney Parkman.

In Chelsea, 24th inst. by Rev. S. D. Robbins, Mr Samuel Hall, Jr. of St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Harriet Bridge, daughter of Mr John Bridge, of C.

In Kingston, by Rev. Mr Sweet, Rev. Maskell M. Carll, Pastor of the first New Jerusalem Church of Cincinnati, to Miss Hannah Brewster, daugher of Pelham Brewster, Esq. of Kingston.

In Bridgewater, on Sunday morning last, by Rev. Mr Doggett, Mr Lucius Thompson, to Miss Lydia Ryder, all of Bridgewater.

In New York city, 24th inst. by Rev. H. W. Bellows, Mr Alexander C. Becker, of St. Petersburgh, to Miss Sarah Cary, daughter of the late Rev. Dr J. Tuckerman, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday evening, Miss Maria Madan, daughter of the late Ebenezer Stocker, Esq.

In this city, Mrs Lucy, wife of Joseph H. Dorr, Esq., 59.

In Ipswich, Mrs Nancy, wife of Joseph Baker, Esq., of Boston, 64.

In Newton, 20th inst., Mrs Mehitable Cleveland, 65, wife of Rev. Charles Cleveland, of Boston.

In Reading, 18th inst., Mr Timothy Flint, late of Louisiana, 60.

At Dedham, 13th inst., Miss Ann S. Fowle, 71.

At Brookline, N. H., Mr Isaac Child, 48.

At Groton, widow Mary Dodge, 98.

In Bath, Grafton co., N. H., 10th inst., Jonathan Smith, Esq., aged 43, a distinguished member of the Bar of that county.

Near Lancaster, Garrard co., Ky., 11th inst., Hon. S. H. Anderson, a member of Congress.

WESTFORD ACADEMY.—The Autumn Term of Westford Academy will commence on the second day of September next. The pleasant and healthful location of this institution, and the low price of tuition and board, together with the pains taken to provide thorough instruction, recommend it to the favorable attention of the public. Mr *John Kebler*, the Preceptor during the last year, will continue in that office. The Committee of the Trustees who engaged his services, have recently visited the Academy and find it in a highly satisfactory condition in regard both to government and instruction; and can fully recommend the school to those who wish to prepare for entering College, or to obtain a good English education.

LEVI HEDGE,
SIDNEY WILLARD,
WM. H. WHITE,
WASHINGTON GILBERT,
JOHN P. ABBOT.
} *Trustees*

aug 29

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS,—received per Steamer President, by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street.

Rakes' History of the Popes, translated by Sarah Austin, 3 vols
Miscellanies of Literature, by I. D'Israeli Esq., new edition, 8vo
The works of Charles Lamb, new edition, 1 vol
The History of Christianity, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, 3 vols
Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, 8vo
Alison on Population, 2 vols.
Milne's Poems, 2 vols.
Plato's Divine Dialogues.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
Kollar on the Insects injurious to Gardeners, Farmers, &c. translated by I. and M. Loudon, with notes by Westwood.
Hazlitt's Lectures on the Literature of the age of Elizabeth.
Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, &c.
Byron's Life and Works, Murray's Edition, 17 vols.
Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.
Barrow's Sermons and Expository Treatises, 2 vols.
The Naturalist's Library, vol, 28.
Fuller's Holy and Profane State. &c. &c. &c.
aug 29

GOETHE'S WORKS.—A beautiful edition of Goethe's Works, complete in 12 vols.
Schiller's complete Works, 2 vols, 8 vo. For sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street. aug 29

BRISBANE ON ASSOCIATION.—Social Destiny of Man, or Association and Reorganization of Industry. By Albert Brisbane.
This day received at TICKNOR'S. a 29

MEDITATIONS FOR THE AFFLICTED AND SICK.—This volume is extracted chiefly from a work published at Edinburgh, entitled 'Farewell to Time,' or 'Last View of Life and prospects of Immortality.'
Published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. a 29

THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLECTION OF PSALMODY—by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society: consisting of the most approved Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Chants, &c, together with many Original Pieces, and others selected from the works of distinguished composers, never before published in this country. Intended for public worship or for private devotion. Edited by Geo. J. Webb, President of the Society. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. a 22

AUG. 10—*NEW BOOKS.*—Received and for sale this day at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets:—Boz—Master Humphrey's Clock, by this popular author, No. 7. New edition both series in 2 handsome 12mo. vols. of Lord Bronghman's Historical Sktches of Statesmen. Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, by the late H. D. Inglis, author of 'Spain,' 'New Gil Blas or Pedro of Penaflor,' 'Tyrol,' ect. The American Journal of the Medical Siences, No, 52, for August, 1840.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE of Events, Discoveries, Improvements and Opinions, intended for the popular diffusion of useful knowledge, and an authentic record of facts for future reference, with Maps and Drawings. No. 4. Just published—for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. aug 15

AMERICAN EDITION OF DR CHANNING'S COMPLETE WORKS.—The Glasgow edition of Dr Channing's works, revised by himself, has been received, and will be put to press immediately. It is the intention of the proprietor of this work to issue the same on good paper and in the best style of typography and press-work, and a pledge will be given that any additional volume from the author shall conform in all respects to the work now in the course of publication.

The above mentioned edition contains the following extract from a preface written in Boston, and dated March 27, 1839.

'He will only add that this edition is the only complete and correct collection of what he has hitherto published. It contains all such of his writings, up to this time, as he wishes to appear under his name.'

JAMES MUNROE & CO., for
a29 GEO. G. CHANNING, Proprietor.

NEW TRACT, 157.—The One Thing Needful, by Rev. Thomas B. Fox, being Tract 157 of the A. U. A. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Agents of the A. U. A. aug 29

MARY HOWITT'S NEW BOOK.—Hope On Hope Ever, or the Boyhood of Felix Law. This day published; also, Strive and Thrive, by the same Author, published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. aug 29

UNITARIANISM CONFUTED.—A Series of Lectures delivered in Christ's Church, Liverpool, in 1839, by Thirteen Clergymen of the Church af England; 8vo. London. Fresh supply just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. aug 29

BLUNT'S BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS.—The Beauty of the Heavens, a Pictorial display of the Astronomical Phenomena of the Universe, exhibited in 104 colored Scenes accompanying and illustrating a familiar Lecture on Astronomy, by Charles F. Blunt, London; 1840. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. aug 29

PALFREY'S EULOGY ON DR. KIRKLAND.—A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev John T. Kirkland, D. D. L. L. D., late President of Harvard College, pronounced on Thursday, June 5, 1840. By John G. Palfrey. Just published and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. aug 29

NORMAL SCHOOL AT LEXINGTON.—The Fall Term of 15 weeks will commence on Wednesday the 9th day of Sept. next.

The design of this Institution is to prepare Females for Teaching.

Applicants may be admitted at any part of the Term, provided they can join a class. The conditions of entrance are, 1. Certificate of good intellectual and moral character; 2. Age at least 16 years; 3. Professed intention of becoming a Teacher; 4. Satisfactory Examination in the Common Branches.

The shortest time of continuance with the School is one year, but qualified pupils may have leave of absence to teach during the summer term.—Tuition gratis: Board $2 per week.

C. PIERCE, Principal.

Lexington, Aug. 15.

DRAWING BOOKS.—The Boston Drawing Books, designed for beginners. The Child's Drawing Book. Drawings for Young Children. Practical Perspective, for the use of Students. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS 21 Tremont Row. aug 22

NEW BOOKS.—The Bowdoin Poets, edited by Edward P. Weston. The Boy's Life of Harrison. Shetland and the Shetlanders, by C. Sinclair. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS 21 Tremont Row. aug 22

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.—Edited by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett. Contents of the Number for August.
Arguments from Universal Belief
A Breakfast on the Rhine
The Day of Rest
The Support of God's Presence, a sermon by Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia
Dr Palfrey's Lectures on the Old Testament
To a Young Friend
Notices of the late Nathaniel Thayer D. D.
Exposition of John
Notices of Books
Intelligence &c &c &c.
Published by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. aug 8

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.
No. 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.
No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.
No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B. Hall.
No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.
No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.
No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.
No. 144. Mystery, Reason and Faith by E. Peabody.
No. 145. Who was Jesus Christ, by George F. Simmons.
No. 146. Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by George R. Noyes.
No. 147. How to Spend a day by H. Ware Jr.
No. 148. Life and Character of Aaron Bancroft, D. D. by Alonzo Hill.
No 149. The Atonement. By E. S. Gannett.
No. 150. Thoughts for the New Year, on the Duty o Improvement. By Henry Ware jr.
No. 151. The Moral Power of Christ's Character. By Ephraim Peab

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

WHERE IS THY HOME?

Bird, that art cleaving the trackless air,
Leaving no trace of thy pinion there,
Dipping thy plume in the sunset cloud,
And wrapping around thee its golden shroud,
Whither, oh say, doth thy proud wing roam?
What art thou seeking? Oh where is thy home?

'I seek for the breath of a sunny clime;
Where the summer bells in the soft winds chime,
Where the fountains gleam in the silver ray,
And the green leaves glisten like waves at play:
Where the skies are clear, and the flowers are fair,
Away am I speeding, my home is there.'

Bark, that art skimming the deep blue sea,
Spreading thy sails to the breezes free,
Riding in triumph the pathless deep,
While the winds of the tempest around thee sleep,
Why ever on art thou chasing the foam?
When wilt thou rest thee? oh where is thy home?

'It is mine on the mountain wave proudly to ride:
I shall furl not my wing on the dark rolling tide:
I shall rest not till shadows from shore mark the way,
And the spires in the mirror of ocean lay.
Where the gales from the gardens of Araby roam,
There, there shall I anchor, my haven, my home!'

Pilgrim, that ever art journeying on?
When will the goal thou art seeking be won?
Why like the dove from the ark dost thou fly?
Why is thy gaze ever fixed on the sky?
When will the end of thy pilgrimage come?
Where is the rest of thy dear native home?

'The goal I am seeking is onward yet;
It is brighter than stars in the firmament set;
It beckons me upward beyond the blue skies;
I am journeying on for a glorious prize;
I linger here till these chains are riven,
Then soar away: for my home is heaven.'

Waltham. L. B. T.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Oh! fear not thou to die!
Far rather fear to live, for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain and strife.
Brief is the work of Death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within;
But fear, oh rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene
The flattering smiles that greet thee here
From heaven thy heart to wean.

Fear lest in evil hour
Thy pure and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair,
And deems itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

Oh fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done.
Who feels that never more
The tear of grief or shame shall come
For thousand wanderings from the power
Who loved and called him home.

FAREWELL OF A MISSIONARY AT THE GRAVE OF HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

There was a new-made grave
On Afric's sunny shore,
Where lowly slept the man of God,
His mission service o'er;
There where the setting sun
Had tinged the east with flame,
With tender infant in her arms,
The mourning widow came.

Her youthful cheek was pale,
Her fair form bending low,
As there, upon the fitful gale
She poured her plaint of wo.
'Friend of my inmost soul,
The turf is on thy breast,
And here beneath the stranger's soil
Thy precious dust must rest.

Our helpless babe I bring,
Which knew no father's love,
Which looked not on this world of pain
Till thou hadst risen above.
I lay him on thy bed,
Unconscious tears to weep,
Before we take our last farewell,
And dare the faithless deep.

Oh! when the mountain wave
Shall be our fearful path,
And the loud midnight tempest howl
In terror and in wrath,
Thy manly arm no more
My dearest prop shall be,
Nor thy strong counsel nerve my soul
Against the raging sea.

But if once more these feet
Our native land shall tread,
And thou, the life of all my joys,
Art absent with the dead;
While each remembered scene
Shall with thine image glow,
And friends and parents name thy name,
How shall I bear the wo?

Is it thy voice, my love,
That bids me bear the rod,
And stay my desolated heart
Upon the widow's God?
Sayest thou, though every ray
Of hope is quenched and dim,
The widow and the fatherless
May put their trust in him?

How blest that word divine,
On which my soul relies—
The resurrection of the just—
The union in the skies.'
Faith came with heavenly light,
Her struggling grief to quell,
And in the words of holy prayer
She spoke her last farewell.

AN INFANT'S DREAM.

An infant's soul—the sweetest thing of earth,
To which endowments beautiful are given,
As might befit a more than mortal birth,
What shall it be, when, 'midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven?
Will it grow into might above the skies?
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power—
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries?
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower?
To sport forever, a bright joyous thing,
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones,
Yielding its praise in glad, but feeble tones,
A tender dove beneath the Almighty's wing?

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have just received a work, in reading which we expect to derive much pleasure and profit—Turner's Lives of Eminent Unitarians. The Biography is preceded by an Introductory Sketch of the Early History of Unitarianism in England, from which we make the following extracts, which we think will be interesting to our readers.

'Although it was not till a much later period that separate religious societies were formed in England, avowedly on Unitarian principles, yet the profession of these principles under one or other of their various forms and denominations is coeval with the Reformation; and this faith can boast of its full share of confessors and martyrs in those spirit-stirring but troubled and persecuting times. There is good reason to believe, that even the long night of darkness which had settled on the Christian world for so many centuries, accompanied and preceded as it was by gross corruptions of the pure simplicity of the Gospel, in no instance more generally prevalent than in the errors which almost totally obscured the doctrine of the absolute personal unity of the divine nature, was at no period altogether devoid of a few feeble glimmerings of that light which in more favorable times was destined afterwards to shine out with renewed lustre. At all events, the spirit of inquiry which gave rise to the reformation, and was for a considerable time promoted and encouraged by its extensive spread, could not be limited to those questions which were chiefly under discussion between the great religious parties of the day. Accordingly not a few asserters of Antitrinitarian opinions made their appearance in the very dawn of the Reformation.

The principal leaders, indeed, of the reforming party professed to retain, unchanged, the views of the Athanasian Trinity maintained by the Church of Rome; and it would even seem as if the very extent to which they had deviated from the standard of Popery in other directions only increased their solicitude to preserve themselves free from the imputation of heresy on this point. They were thus induced to display, in their treatment of those who had only followed out the genuine principles of Protestantism to a greater extent and with more consistency than themselves, a more than ordinary portion of that persecuting, intolerant spirit which, in the language of a distinguished historian, is 'the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive.'

The unhappy fate of Servetus is the foulest blot in the history of Calvin. But before his time there was no small number who openly professed the Unitarian doctrine, and among them some of high reputation for talents and learning.

Of the Italian confessors whose names impart a peculiar lustre to the early history of the reformation, not a few are well known to have rejected the Trinity, along with the other corruptions of the Romish church; some of whom afterwards became the most distinguished lights of Unitarian communities in distant lands. Many also of those who received the denomination of Anabaptists openly or covertly denied the deity of Christ. Of these some adopted the Arian sentiment, others that of the proper humanity of Christ, afterwards maintained by Socinus. A few of the Baptists appear to have made their way into England even before the half-reformation of Henry VIII., and did not escape the fiery trial allotted to such as incurred the charge of heresy in those fierce and stormy times. In 1548, John Ashton is recorded to have preached Unitarianism, and, under the terrors of the stake, to have signed a recantation when summoned before Archbishop Cranmer. In 1550, however, the Unitarian doctrine is represented as spreading with alarming rapidity, so that it was deemed necessary to resort to harsher measures. Joan Bocher, who appears, from the obscure and imperfect accounts which we have of her, derived only from the hostile persecuting party, to have been a woman of quality and consideration, is believed to have agreed in sentiment with the Baptists, in their general persuasion of Christ being not a God, but a creature. She appears to have been a zealous reformer, and particularly active in promoting the diffusion of the Scriptures; which, having access to the court, she was at pains to disperse in secret among the ladies of distinction who resorted there. For Arianism (as it is called,) and some not very intelligible nicety about the incarnation, this excellent person was persecuted to death by Cranmer and Latimer. When the tender-hearted young king for some time refused to sign the warrant for her execution, Cranmer undertook to argue the matter with him; and when, at last, he yielded, the king told him, with tears in his eyes, that if he did wrong, since it was in submission to his authority, he must answer to God for it.

This noble-minded martyr to the truth, who, whether right or wrong in her opinions, displayed a spirit of which the world was not worthy, in times of unexampled and formidable difficulty, such as we in these comparatively peaceful days happily cannot easily appreciate, is unfairly described by Burnet as a poor wrong-headed woman, that was burnt for some extravagant notions concerning Christ, but was looked on as a person fitter for Bedlam than the stake.

Soon afterwards George Van Pare, a Dutchman, being convicted of saying that God the Father was the only God, and that Christ was not very God, was committed to the flames in Smithfield. He was a man of strict and virtuous life, and very devout: he suffered with great constancy of mind, kissing the stake and faggots that were to burn him.

These things, as is candidly acknowledged by Bishop Burnet, cast a great blemish on the Reformation.

It is not easy to assign to any of the contending parties of this distracted age a deeper stain of the persecuting spirit than the rest. If the Catholics displayed it in a greater number and variety of instances, it must be remembered that they had greater power and more frequent opportunities, and that it had not in them the same obvious and glaring inconsistency with professed principles, and with the right of individual judgment, which they asserted and exercised, which marked its exhibition by the leading reformers. Even the flames of persecution directed against themselves did not check the vehemence of their animosity against those who had gone further in the same road, and pursued their own avowed principles to their natural, and, as we think, necessary consequences.'

After giving some account of Acontius, a distinguished Unitarian, an Italian by birth, who passed some years in England under the protection of Queen Elizabeth and was opposed to the persecution of heretics, the writer adds:

'It is not in the unseemly spirit of vain boasting that we claim for the Unitarians in general, of that and of every other period, a greater freedom from this unchristian temper than is to be found in any other sect. It is true that the practical influence of their principles may be expected to lead to this result, because they are not called upon, like many others, to regard the right path (meaning *their own* path) to be essential to salvation. But, unhappily, we so rarely find men's practice in all respects conformable to their avowed principles, that this exemption is, perhaps, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the good fortune of the Unitarians, in having been very little exposed to the temptation. Long may they continue to enjoy this fortunate exemption! May the time never come when a synod or consistory of professed Unitarians shall be in such a manner connected with or dependent on the state, as to be invested with power which they may be tempted to abuse, in seeking to lord it over the consciences of men!'

He then alludes to the several martyrdoms that were endured in England from 1575, to 1611, particularly those of W. Hamont, John Lewis, Bartholomew Legatt, and Edward Wightman, who were each burnt at the stake for denying the deity of Christ, after which comes the following passage.

'Thus it appears that, throughout the whole of the first century after the Reformation, all that can now be collected of the history in this country of what we consider as the pure and simple doctrine of the gospel consists of a series of acts of gross violence; outrages alike on the natural rights of man, and on that liberty wherein Christ hath made him free. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that these cruel excesses of persecuting bigotry, endured, as by the testimony of unfriendly historians they seem to have been, with a constancy and fortitude worthy of martyrs, who not only were convinced of the truth, but experienced the value and excellence of their principles, were not without the effect which scenes like these commonly produce on the public mind. Compassion for unmerited suffering passes into admiration when it is met with the spirit of a martyr, and naturally leads to the suspicion that the principles which excited and maintained such a spirit were not unworthy of it. We find accordingly that the records of religious intolerance continue to present occasional instances of individuals who were called to account before the authorities of the day for the alleged crime of having professed Antitrinitarian sentiments. Of these, some were visited with various forms and degrees of punishment, while others gave way before the storm, and read a recantation, the sincerity of which may well be doubted. There are other indications that the denial of the deity of Christ was a growing opinion, though it might not as yet be openly expressed and avowed, there not being at this time a single society of worshiping Christians in England, assembling professedly on Unitarian principles. Of these indications, perhaps, the most unequivocal is seen in the alarm manifested on the subject by the patrons of the prevailing opinions, and particularly in the iniquitous ordinance against heresy and blasphemy passed by the parliament, then consisting chiefly of Presbyterians, in 1647. Men do not in general enact new and severe laws against evils which they do not at least believe to be urgent, and to require a searching and powerful remedy.

But, previous to this time, it has been surmised that a strong tendency to Unitarian views may be traced in some of the most eminent persons of that age. This suspicion applies to Hales, to Falkland, and more particularly to Chillingworth; and it is so far probable, inasmuch as they were all of them men avowedly devoted to bold, free, and unbiased inquiry into religious subjects, and in their writings have denounced in strong terms the system almost universal at that time, and too prevalent in all ages, of human creeds, articles, and confessions, especially where the reception of them is enforced by the rude sanctions of pains and penalties of human enactment.'

After speaking more particularly of the views of Falkland, Chillingworth and of the Unitarianism of Milton, he gives the following account of the early opinion of the Friends or Quakers.

'Though the matter has of late been occasionally disputed, there seems to be no good reason to doubt that the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in this early period of their history, did not make an open profession of the doctrine of the Trinity; at all events they did not make the profession of this or any other tenet not to be found in the scripture an essential requisite to admission into their community. Their most eminent and distinguished writer, W. Penn, in his 'Sandy Foundation Shaken,' has given as clear a view of the pure Unitarian doctrine, and as able an examination of many of the texts commonly adduced in support of the opposite system, as is any where to be found. The monthly meeting at Philadelphia, in their correspondence with George Keith (an active heresiarch, who had been endeavoring to sow divisions among them and who, having afterwards seceded, was ordained a clergyman of the established church,) declare their determination to keep to the plainness and simplicity of Scripture language in all discources about matters of faith, divinity, and doctrine; not believing subjects above the investigation of human reason and knowledge to be necessary to salvation, further than they are clearly revealed in the scripture. The declaration of their faith on these points presented to both Houses of Parliament, as preserved in Sewell's History of the Quakers, is strictly and properly Unitarian. Their descendants in this country have for the most part deserted the faith and practice of their forefathers in this respect; and have not only adopted in their public declarations the tenets and language of modern orthodoxy, but in various instances have not hesitated formally to expel from their body those who adhered to the sentiments and professions of its original founders. In America it would appear that an influence of an opposite kind has been in operation, the liberal principles of the founders having carried a great majority into an open avowal of Unitarianism, while a Trinitarian minority has seceded.'

He then notices the Unitarian opinions of Locke, Newton and Dr Clarke, and closes the (too brief) sketch with the following amount of the Socinian Tracts.

'Besides these distinguished men, whose names are an honor to any cause, there were towards the close of the 17th century, not a few learned and able advocates of the pure simplicity of the Gospel; whose writings remain, though their names have been withheld from the knowledge of posterity. The authors of the Socinian tracts, already referred to, have left us a vindication of the genuine evangelical doctrine, which in many particulars may fairly be said to have exhausted the subject. To these publications we shall take another opportunity of adverting; at present it may be enough to observe, that the very circumstance of the extensive circulation of so many works of this description is in itself a strong ground for believing, that they did not fail to meet with numerous and willing readers. The impression they produced on the public mind was such as to alarm the patrons of received opinions; who were roused to come forward as usual, not with the spiritual armor of sound argument and fair discussion, but with the carnal weapons of pains and penalties.—The statute enacted in King William's reign, against blasphemy, as it was called, provided that all persons denying that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were separately and distinctly God, or maintaining that there were more Gods than one, should be incapable of holding any office or place of trust, and for the second offence be disabled from bringing any action, or from acting as guardian, executor, legatee, or purchaser of lands, and suffer three years' imprisonment without bail. Happily this statute seems to have been found from the first to be a step beyond what the improving spirit of the times would bear. Though there were many, both obscure and distinguished, who notoriously came within its danger, it does not appear to have been put in force against those whose only crime was speaking or writing against the doctrine of the Trinity, and it remained nearly a dead letter, till long after it had been actually swept from the statute book, when it occurred to the promoters of a recent attack on Presbyterian endowments to make it the basis of an argument not less inconclusive than it was illiberal and unjust.

The writers of these anonymous tracts approached most nearly to the system of Socinus; but in the succeeding age, the learning and high reputation of Clarke and Whiston in the Church of England, and of Emlyn and Peirce among the Dissenters, led the greater part of those who quitted the standard of orthodoxy to embrace the Arian hypothesis. This accordingly appears to have been the system generally adopted by most of the eminent lights of the rational dissenters who are commemorated in this volume. In the larger, and perhaps the juster, sense of the word, however, we include them all under the denominat on of Unitarians, inasmuch as they agreed in the great principle of acknowledging one, and but one, object of supreme worship,—namely, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We may add, that, on whatever minor points they may have differed (as in fact it is scarcely possible that those who truly inquire and think for themselves should be really of one mind on all disputed questions,) on one grand and leading principle they were all cordially agreed;—in asserting for themselves, and conceding to others, the inalienable right of private judgment, and in acknowledging the duty incumbent upon all of exercising this right (or rather of performing this duty) without bias or prejudice, examining the scriptures for themselves, and openly and candidly professing the doctrines which they honestly believed to be inculcated by the word of God, without regard to any creeds or systems of human devising, whether imposed by the civil power, or recommended by the authority of synods and councils.

This is the principle on which we endeavor to act; and we cannot doubt that it will lead all who adopt it throughout, and consistently, to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. May that time speedily arrive, when the eyes of men shall thus be opened to prove all things; when they shall discern that God is one, and his name one, acknowledging the Father to be the only true God, and Jesus his messenger to be the Christ!

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE DRAM SHOP.

Timothy Truesdell is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, thriving and industrious mechanic of New York, who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large; in short, one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in a Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the Temperance, or the Tract, or any other Society. Their logic was labor lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amidst the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their importance in society from his story.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tim seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the pot house, till the nigh prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words 'No more trust!' warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum was cheap: the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs Truesdell was obliged to keep the house because she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last to pay the last fine imposed on her spouse by the Police Court. Misery, utter destitution and famine, stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we room and inclination.

Mrs T. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the gripe of famine, and the railing of the drunkard, without repining. Never had her exertions slackened; never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur or reproach. At last, her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then set down by his side.

'What brings you here, Mary?' said he morosely.

'It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there,' replied the meek wife. 'There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to yon. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows.'

'But to come to such a place as this!' expostulated Tim.

'No place can be improper where my husband is,' said poor Mary. 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!' She took up the glass of alcohol.

Surely you are not going to drink that?' asked Tim in huge astonishment.

'Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful today, and I really need something to support my strength.'

'Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!' cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

'Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink; you can see how much good it does your father.'

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as, O miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, 'Oh, mother! here comes father, and he is not drunk!' Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, and, from that hour, he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and, as soon as his emancipation from the thraldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs Truesdell, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to the dram shop.

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.—'How short is the earthly history of a family! A few years, and those now embraced in the family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and the children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their names will no longer be heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written, will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all?—Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings with whom our connexion is so brief, engage all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings then be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of enlightened nature, the ties of domestic love seemed scattered in the dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed under far happier circumstances, in the region of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of the family may soon be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, memory of it still lives in immortal souls; and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.'

BOWDOIN POETS.—The Bowdoin Poets, edited by Edward P. Weston, 12mo. Among the writers are C. L. Hemans, H. W. Longfellow, Ephraim Peabody, I. McLellan jr, Seba Smith, B. B. Thacher, Frederick Mellen &c &c
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aug 22

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All the new works of the day immediately received as above. aug 22

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